

THE
Secret History
OF
MACK-BETH,
KING OF
SCOTLAND.

Taken from a very Ancient Original
MANUSCRIPT.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Woodward, in St. Christopher's Church-Yard, in Threadneedle-Street. 1708.



THE
SECRET HISTORY
OF
MACK-BETH, &c.

ENGLAND had now respir'd from the deadly Wounds of the *Danish* Invasions, and Yoke, for some Years, under the easie and happy Government of *EDWARD the Confessor*; whom in the pleasing Months of *May*, before the southing Sun had spread Beams too sultry to suffer a delightful Enjoyment of the Flowery Season, in the fresh Breezes of the Morning Air; *Eric*, and his beloved *Bertha* forsook their Downy-Bed, and as they us'd to do, took an agreeable Walk on the Beach of the Sea, not far from the mouth of the River *Luna* in *Lancashire*.

The Morning Sun now gathering Strength, unwilling to pervert their Pleasure into a Toil, they retir'd beneath the Covert of a shady Rock, hung with wild and wandering Greens, and pav'd with soft Moss, and odoriferous Herbs, there to entertain themselves with a view of the rowling Surges which with vain Fury dash'd successively on the

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ounding shore in hoarse Murmurs; and to heighten their present Felicity by the Remembrance of their past evil Fortune.

Ob! my dear Eric (said Bertha) how much happier are we in this lonely Retirement, than in the false splendor of the Court, where Ambition, Avarice, Malice, Envy, Interest, and base Plots and Designs never suffer a Pleasure sincere to approach the wretched Fools, that court their own undoing; not knowing or not considering, that Happiness is the only value of Life!

The Practice of the World, my dear Bertha, replied the grave Eric, is as contradictory, and absurd as the debates of the old Philosophers about their supreme Good. One places it in Pleasure, another in Wealth, another in Dignities, and Power; and so every one a different, yet devious way gives it chase, yet none come in with the Quarry, because all have mistaken the Scent. But indeed the chief Reason is because Men generally rather consult their Passions, than Reason, for they always magnifying the Idea, and so heightning the Desire always find Disappointment, even in the Success of their Wishes; which always, therefore, travelling on after this Ignis Fatuus, never arrive at their Journeys end. Whereas we have conquer'd those wandering and uncertain Hopes and Desires, which depend on things without us, confine our Happiness to our selves, and our present Possessions. The Distresses we have met with not only in the common Calamity of our Country under the Danes, but those of the Norman Court in our Exile, and the foul play I have found in that of England since our good King's Restoration, have taught us to put no Value on the Pomp and Grandeur of Ambition; but in this peaceful Retirement to trust to the Benefit of Nature, and Love.

While Bertha and Eric were in this Discourse, before they perceived it, the Heavens were obscur'd by thick Clouds, and the Gloomy darkness that

that invaded the cheerful Light of the Sun, rous'd them to consider where they were, and how to escape the impending Storm by a timely Retreat to their House. But that was too far off to venture from the Covert they possess'd, since they now found the Clouds begin to descend in Showers, and the Wind to rise high, and Lightning to flash, and Thunder to rowl in a most suddain and violent manner. Wherefore retreating farther into the Cave, or Grotto of the Rock, they got a safe Protection from the Inclemency of the Tempest, but had yet the benefit of viewing in safety the Horror in Perspective, which gave them a sort of dreadful Pleasure.

The Storm had now continu'd about an Hour, when they perceived at some distance a little Bark or Vessel toss'd about by the Waves and the Wind in a most lamentable manner; now it disappear'd quite out of their sight, as if sunk down to the bottom of the Ocean, and then on a suddain it was mounted up to the Clouds, and stood as if it were on the brink and precipice of a lofty Wave, ready to tumble into the Abyss without any hopes of rising again. Through this woeful variety they saw plainly, that it drove every Minute nearer the Coast where they were, and now within a little of the shoar it was quite dash'd in Pieces against some secret Rock, that neither Caution, nor Art cou'd avoid. A generous Pity gave their Hearts many compassionate Emotions for the miserable Creatures, that it contain'd, all seemingly perishing in sight of Land, without any possibility of Help or Assistance. However they observ'd several on pieces of the Ship floating on the Waves, which drove them still nearer the Beach where they stood. The Storm, as if it had done its office by this Wreck, began to relent, the Clouds disperse, and the Sun again recovered its
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brightness, and sovereignty of the Sky. Encouraged by this, *Eric* and *Bertha* left the green Cave, and descended by the Rocks to the Strand to help any poor Creature, that Providence might make the Surges drive to the Shoar.

When they came down they found two reverend Hermits ready there to execute the same Charitable Office; nor did they wait long e're they saw a small Plank come ashore loaden with two Men, and a Lady, clinging close to this little Hope, tho' they seem'd quite dead with the Terror and severity of the Tempest. They all help'd to draw up the Plank, and take up the People, to restore them, if possible, to Life. The good Hermits were furnished with Cordials for so sad an Occasion, and administer'd to a Young Gentleman, and Young Lady, who held each other so fast, that Death seem'd unable to part them; while *Eric* took the same Pious Care of an Old Gentleman, whose Silver Hairs assur'd them, that Violence alone cou'd be, to him, an untimely Fate.

The heat of the Cordials joining with the heat of the Sun, at last began to make them come to themselves. The Young Gentleman first opening his Eyes, and waking as it were from the slumber of Death, gaz'd with Wonder about, and eagerly cry'd out, *Oh! let me die, let me perish in those Waves, that have swallow'd up my dearest Eugenia! Life wou'd be a Punishment without Her, for whom only I wou'd live!* E're these Words were quite utter'd, the Young Lady, assisted by one of the Hermits, and *Bertha*, began to feel the Return of the Offices of Life; and Love, that Death cou'd not put an End to, return'd to its seat, her Heart, and taught the first Accents she utter'd, to breath out the Tenderness of her Passion. *Oh! my Soul! oh my Soul! my Love, my Lorn, Where art thou? For far thou canst not be? We were too closely*

closely lock'd together for Fate to part us, Life and Death must be the same with both of us.

The Young Lorn hearing the Voice of his beloved *Eugenia*, soon drew near her, and after mutual Joy for so happy an Escape, and Thanks return'd to the Hermits and *Bertha* for their kind Assistance; *Eugenia* now began to enquire whether, a reverend Old Gentleman was not likewise sav'd by their Charitable Care from the Fury of this Storm, since the Loss of a Father in him wou'd too much sowr the Joy of their Deliverance. Being assur'd, that he likewise was taken up, the whole Company came up to *Eric* to see whether the Success of his Care had answer'd theirs; but Age was not so well able to struggle with such Fatigues, as Youth; and *Eric* had found all his Endeavours to little purpose, till forcing some Cordial down his Throat, and Chasing his Temples by the Assistance of the two Hermits, he began to groan, and at last to open his Eyes, and give certain Proof, that Life was yet possess'd of his Person; tho' it held there but a frail and weak Empire, and of short duration without those Comforts, which that naked Beach cou'd not afford him.

The House of *Eric*, and *Bertha* was too far off, and no place so near as the little Cottage of the Hermits, where tho' no extraordinary Accommodation cou'd be had, yet sufficient was assur'd to give him some Repose, and Refreshment to enable him to advance farther into the Country.

The Men all join'd in helping the Old Gentleman up the Cliffs to a little Hut, where these two Venerable Anchorites dwelt, and with much ado accomplish'd the Work; *Bertha* and *Eugenia* follow'd after, and the whole Company being enter'd the Hermitage, a Fire is made, and the Old Gentleman plac'd near it, and his wet Garment

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remov'd, while such covering as cou'd there be got was thrown over him, the Young Gentleman and his Lady dry'd theirs on their Backs, all the while more solicitous for the Recovery of their Father, than any Danger to themselves.

Pain, and the Extremity, to which he was reduc'd, had render'd him so pale, and disfigur'd, that his best Acquaintance cou'd scarce know him; yet *Eric* and *Bertha* observed one of the Hermits to Eye him very eagerly, and that all the Symptoms of Anger, Indignation, and Hatred frequently shewed themselves in his Face. But when by the Heat of the Fire, and the Cordials, he had taken, new Life spread through his Body, and brought his Face to its natural position, and restored some of that Freshness of Colour, which was so natural to him, he began to speak, and bless the kind Powers above, that had yet preserved him from Death, to see his dear *Eugenia* happy in the Arms of her *Lorn*.

He had not utter'd many Words of this nature, with his Thanks to the Company for their generous Assistance, but the Hermit, that had all along so earnestly ey'd him, unable to contain his Rage any longer, burst out into a Fury in this manner; *Ha! it is he! it is that Villain! that Devil incarnate! that cursed Adviser and Minister to the Tyrant! How just, oh! you heavenly Powers have you prov'd your selves, by bringing this Monster to suffer, by my Hands, that Death, which he owes to Ten thousand. Look on me, Angus, know Glamis, whom thou hast wrong'd with thy devilish Advice to the Tyrant; who hast driven me from my Native Clime, to waste all my days in bated Exile from my Native Country, a Wanderer, a Stranger to my self, and all the World. Forbear ye generous English from affording him any further Assistance; let him perish like a Dog, by the hand of Heaven, to which we*
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are impious by our misplac'd Charity on the most Wicked, and Vilest of Men, the Bane, and Destruction of his Country, the Ruin of her ancient Nobles, the Oppressour of his People, the Butcher of the Laws and Liberties of Scotland. Let him perish by the Rage of the Elements, and cast him out of these holy Walls, to die on the Rocks, and become a just Prey to the Beasts of the Field, and the Fowls of the Air, as having forfeited all his Claim to Humanity and Hospitality. Cease, I say, to fix his fluttering Life, unless you wou'd debase my Hand to be his Executioner here before you all.

With these Words he drew out a Dagger, and brandishing it on high, was going to pierce the Thane of Angus (for so was the Old Gentleman call'd) to the Heart. The Company were extremely surpriz'd, at this turn, and at the strange Fury of the Thane of Glamis, who had disguised his Quality, and Person under the peaceful Habit of an Hermit, in so remote a Nook of the World to avoid the bloody Attempts of Mack-Beth, and his Bravo'es, who had made several Attempts upon his Life, in the Cities where he had dwelt in the first Years of his Exile.

Fear and Piety threw the beautiful *Eugenia* between her Father and the Blow, and Love soon shot the Young *Lorn* betwixt the Thane and his Mistress, and directed his Young Nervous Arm to the Hand of the Furious *Glamis*, whence with some difficulty he wrested the Dagger. Hold, *Glamis*, said the Noble Youth; let not the Injuries of Fortune make thee fall below thy self, below the Reputation of thy Arms, of thy Honour, and Virtue, by Stabbing an Old, Weak, and dying Gentleman, who, if he has been guilty of many and great Crimes, has on the other hand past through great Repentance, and ought to be suffer'd to live in his penitent state, to wash off that Guilt with his Tears, which you wou'd punish

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punish with his Blood. But assure thy self Noble Glamis, while Lorn has any Blood in his Veins, thou shalt not come at his Life but through my Heart.

What Prodigy is this (reply'd the Thane of Glamis, still full of Rage) what unheard of Baseness, in young Lorn, to protect that guilty Head, by which his own Father was treacherously Murdered, by whom his Relations are robb'd of their Estates, and those who cou'd escape the Stabb, or Poison, forc'd to wander in Foreign Lands, and live on the Charity of Strangers. It is impossible! thou canst not have any of the generous Blood of Argyle in thy Veins, always Haters of Tyrants, and of the vile Instruments of their Tyranny; that canst declare thy self the Protector of the most villainous Mignion that ever servilely comply'd with, or rather prompted on a Royal Murderer to Mischief. Is not Angus the very Soul of Mack-Beth? Does that Usurper do any thing, contrive the Ruin of any Man, without consulting his infernal Oracle Angus? Oh! Lorn! that bear'st thy Fathers dear Image in thy Face, and Person, Bastardize not thy self, nor degenerate from that Noble Line, and Principle, which has been so Illustrious for Virtue and Honour.

" If I can't justify my Honour, (reply'd Young Lorn) and yet guard the Life of the Father of my dear Eugenia, I will offer both his and mine to the severity of your Justice. But be you first a just Judge, lay aside your Passion (which never attends an equitable Ear) and hear me plead with Impartiality the Cause I Espouse.

Eric and the real Hermit join in the appealing of Glamis, while Eric inform'd him, that as he was a Magistrate of those Parts, so he cou'd not suffer any of those private Revenges, which are not justifiable by the Law of this Land; the Hermit urg'd the Motives of Christianity, which forbid us those terrible Revenges, which proceed from

from listening to the dictates of our violent Passions, not our Reason, or the Precepts of Religion, which ought to be the Guide and Conduct of our Actions.

Glamis cou'd not resist the onset of so many Persons of Honour, and Reputation, but retiring a while into the open Air, he recover'd that Calm, which is more worthy a Man of Sense, than a blind Obedience to the violent Impulse of ev'ry Passion; which tho' sometimes set off with the specious Name of Zeal, never persuades what is *Just* and *Right*.

In the mean time *Eric* makes all the haste he cou'd hence, and dispatches Horses and Men to convey the whole Company to his own House, where their Accommodation being better, the *Thane* of *Angus*, the *Thane* of *Lorn*, and the *Thane* of *Glamis*, might be entertain'd more suitably to their Quality, and present Condition. *Bertba* shew'd a particular Care of the Young and Beautiful *Eugenia*, while the Men found the same from their Generous Host, the good *Eric*. But notwithstanding *Glamis* had pacify'd his Wrath at the Hermit's, the daily Remembrance of his past and present Sufferings, all which he laid at the door of the wicked *Angus*, wou'd not permit him to throw off entirely all thoughts of Revenge, when a more favourable opportunity shou'd offer.

Angus was now pretty well recover'd from the Ill, that he had contracted from the Misfortune of his Shipwrack, and sat up in his Chamber, and received Visits from those of the House, and Neighbourhood, who thought fit to pay him that Complement. But *Glamis* cou'd not so well disguise this Resentment, as to be one of the Number of those, who congratulated his Recovery, when he heartily wish'd him much worse. This was visible to *Eric*, the *Thane* of *Lorn*, and the

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the rest of the Family, who all endeavour'd to inspire another spirit into him, tho' in vain; they yet at last prevail'd with him to pay *Angus* a Visit with the rest of the Company. When *Angus* saw the *Thane* of *Glamis* enter his Chamber, he spoke to him in this manner.

This generous Visit to the Man, I confess, you have but too much Reason to hate, touches me more sensibly, than all that Rage, which you expressed at our first meeting; for to be angry at Injuries is so very common, that it yields nothing surprizing; but to find the Person injur'd paying a Visit to the Injurer, is so uncommon, and so noble, as only the Thane of Glamis is capable of doing. However in return, give me leave to extenuate my Guilt as much as I can, and show, that you do me some Injustice to level all your Anger at me, who have only been guilty by a too blind Obedience to a Master, whom I own it my shame to have serv'd. My dear Eugenia, I must desire thy absence, for I am to deliver things, which I wou'd not have known to thy Goodness, lest it shou'd alarm thy Fears of suffering for my Offences; go retire to the Church, and mediate with Heaven, that while I am confessing my Enormities to Men, my Guilt may be remitted, and my Penitence receiv'd.

Eugenia with Tears in her lovely Eyes retir'd, looking with such earnestness on Young *Lorn*, as if she by them ask'd him whether he wou'd suffer her to be alone in her Sorrows; but as he was going after her, *Angus* call'd to him, and desir'd him to stay, since some of his Story wou'd nearly concern him. So, much against his Inclination, the *Thane* of *Lorn* suffer'd his dear *Eugenia* to retire with no other Companion, than her Sorrow to spend her Hours in Prayers and Tears, while he was confin'd to hear a Narration, that might not bring him that satisfaction, which he desir'd from the Mouth of the Father of her whom

whom he ador'd. But *Bertha* wou'd not be stopt, and therefore went after her. The Company being now silently attentive, the *Thane of Angus* thus began.

*The History of Mack-Beth, and the
Thane of Angus.*

THERE is a Necessity, Gentlemen, (said he) for my greater Justification, and the giving a better light to my own particular Story, to join a full Account of the Affairs and Actions of *Mack Beth*, the present King, or rather Tyrant of *Scotland*.

You all know, that by Birth he is of the Blood Royal, that he is Master of great Penetration, a sharpness of Wit, and very lofty Spirit; and I do further believe, that you will agree, that if he had been blest with a greater Moderation and Justice, he had been worthy of that Sovereign Command which he obtain'd by Acts, not so justifiable by the Rules of common Honesty. But he was of *Cesar's* Opinion, That Right it self was to be abandon'd for the sake of Dominion.

His first Appearance at Court, was in the beginning of the Reign of *Donald*, or *Duncan* the Seventh. A Prince of too sweet, and easie a disposition to be at the Head of a Government so difficult to manage, as that of *Scotland* has always prov'd to be. His Person was tall, and exactly proportion'd, a Masculine Beauty late Enthron'd in his Face, and from his Eyes such a haughty and commanding Spirit shone out, as discover'd a Challenge of Sovereign sway. But his Manners were every way engaging to all he Convers'd with, never assuming to himself above his Company; Affable and Complaisant to all, and open-
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ly an Enemy to none. This won him the Hearts of all the Men of the Court, whilst his Person and Address, made an easy way for him to the Hearts of the Ladies.

I had my self been at Court about five Years just, the Years that my Age exceeded that of *Mackbeth*. I had no Reason to complain of my Reception with either the Fair or the Great, and my Favour with the King was as much as my Youth, and little Experience in Affairs of Policy could expect. *Mackbeth* was now in the Twenty first Year of his Age, and I in my Twenty sixth, Rivals in the Fair and Fortune, both Amourously inclin'd, and both season'd with a very great Tincture of Ambition; which yet was not come to that robust State, as to stifle all other Passions, which generally is the effect of Years; but Love chiefly employ'd our Industry; Intrigues with the Ladies took up more of our time, than Intrigues of State.

Among the Ladies none shone with so universal an Influence, as *Jaquenetta*, and *Anabella*, Daughters to the Thane of *Broad-Albain*, the first Wife to the Thane of *Gaury*, the later Wife to the Thane of *Kyle*, both Men of Power in the Court, but of Years much Superior to their Ladies, nor able to satisfy those Fires, that Youth and the Addresses of the Gay and Gallant are wont to raise in Ladies of their Beauty and Quality. *Jaquenetta* had kindled a Flame in my Heart, which I had not Virtue enough to extinguish, without endeavouring its Satisfaction, and *Anabella* had made the same Conquest in the Bosom of *Mackbeth*. It would be too tedious to tell you the Particulars of the Progress we made in our Amours; let it suffice that by the Assiduity of our Addresses we found no ingrateful Return, and that in a few Months we were as happy as our Passions could desire.

Mack-beth

Mack-beth had an Affignation one Night with *Anabella*, and for the security of his Reputation made no Confident of his Intrigue, and so went to the Rendezvous alone. He was waiting the Signal beneath her Garden-Wall, when he heard the Approach of three or four Persons, and hid himself in the Door of the Garden, which was hollow, and deep, hoping they wou'd pass by before the Signal was given, but contrary to his Expectations, they plac'd themselves just by the same Place; when he heard one of the Company speak to the Rest. *Watch this post with all your Care, for it cannot be long ere he come; my Intelligence is certain, and when he comes before you let him not escape to tell Tales of the Attempt.* 'Tis true, he is a Prince of the Blood, but he is my fortunate Rival, and Love despis'd knows no Distinction of Persons; the reward I have promis'd you shall surely be paid you; keep besides in your Memory the Injury he has done you. *Your Places will then be in my Father's Power, and what can't an only Son do with a fond and indulgent Father, in behalf of such as have oblig'd him in so sensible a Manner?*

The words were scarce out of his Mouth, but *Mack-beth* found they were spoke by the Son of the Thane of Caithness, whom he very well knew to be his Rival, not only in *Anabella*, but in his Favour with the King. But what to do in this Streight he cou'd not imagine, or how to make his Party good with three or four Men arm'd with Revenge, as well as with Swords. For he had employ'd in this Office three Young Ruffians, whom *Mack-beth* had turn'd out of their Posts for Exorbitances, which he cou'd not with Honour see pass unpunish'd. The Charge being given, his Rival withdrew, and the Rogues, with a design to sit down and wait there, enter'd the Porch where *Mack-beth* was conceal'd, he had just time to draw his

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his Sword, and leaping out betwixt them, broke through them to the open Street. The Assassins immediately pursu'd him, and confident, that he was the Prize, that they sought after, all three fell upon him, whilst he retreated Fighting with little Hopes of Deliverance from so imminent a Danger,

It was my Good or Evil Fortune, that Minute to be dismiss'd from the Arms of *Jaquenetta*, whose House join'd to the Garden of her Sister, and coming by found him maintaining a very unequal Fight against three. There had no particular Friendship then past betwixt us, nor any Enmity to forbid any future Endearments. I did not know presently who was the single Person, but the Barbarity of the Assault, determin'd me to his Relief; so drawing my Sword, I plac'd my self by his side, and bid him not despair since the Villainy of the Aggressors must render them unable to withstand the Force of our Arms. That Moment, as if he had taken fresh Vigour from this Appearance of Relief, he laid one of the three down at his Feet; the other two soon discover'd that they trusted more to their Number, than Courage, and immediately fled away; whom while we were pursuing, the Young *Caithness* comes up with them, and endeavouring to put fresh Valour into the Fugitives, draws to lead them on, cursing their Fear and their Cowardice for flying from an equal Number. When *Mack-beth* coming up to him, desiring me to desist, attack'd him himself, and with some Reproaches on his Villainy, soon wounded him so desperately, that he dropt down on the Spot, cursing his Stars, and the partial *Anabella*, that had surrendred her Charms to him, and slighted a Love, that no Man but himself cou'd have for her.

The Rage of *Mack-beth* was going to put an end to his Life by another Wound, but I stopt his Hand, and bid him be more geneous, than poorly to stab a Wretch, that lay at his Mercy ; which tho' he did not deserve, yet it was due to his own Character not to do a thing beneath his Honour and Reputation. So we left him in the Street and directed our Way home to the Appartment of *Mack-beth*. Where being arriv'd he found himself Wounded slightly in two or three Places, having therefore sent for a Surgeon, and had his Wounds dress'd, I left him to his Repose. I confess I never found more Sentiments of Gratitude, than all his after Actions discover'd. He courted my Friendship, and drew by Obligations, and a thousand Confidences into a most singular Union and Amity.

Coming to see him the next Morning, he gave me a thousand Caresses, and call'd me his Preserver, assuring me, that all his Life shou'd be spent in returning the Obligation. Our Discourse now turning on the Cause of the last Nights Adventure, he set me down by him, and thus began.

My dear Preserver, said he, you shall now begin to find, that you have oblig'd a Man, that perfectly knows the Duties of Gratitude. For I will confide that to your Knowledge, which no Body in the World yet knows but the Charming *Annabella* and my self, unless, as I fear by what I heard the Assassin deliver to his Creatures, she have made some Servant of hers a Confident of. You must therefore understand, that Fortune and my own Assiduity has given me the Happiness of the Favours of *Annabella* the beautiful Wife of the old *Thane of Kyle*. I have for some time been blest with the dear Caresses of that Charming fair, as often as his Business and Absence allows us an

Opportunity. But Affairs of this Secret Nature are never to be gone through without Hazards and Dangers, which whet the Appetite and heighten the Pleasure. I have met with many besides this last Night, and yet the Inconvenience, never rebates the Edge of my Passion, which perhaps, on too easy a Possession had been dead before now. But the Husband takes Care to give me such Interruptions, that I ever rise from the Banquet of Love with my Stomach not half Full.

The *Thane* of Kyle last week was oblig'd to go some distance from Home; I had Notice of the lucky Minute, and was soon admitted into her Bed-Chamber, where I found her in a perfect Undress, but so adorn'd as might render her most agreeable to her Lover; a thin loose Robe, but ill conceal'd the Charming Proportion of her Limbs, and her snowy Bosom was all bare, and discover'd two such beautiful Breasts, as wou'd have tempted an Hermit to have press'd them with his consecrated Hands. They were White, Firm and Round, and heav'd with an agreeable Motion, that betray'd the soft Desires of her Heart; on her Face was spread a warm and conscious Blush, her Eyes darted Fire, and her curious Hair hung loosely down her Shoulders, in such Quantity as made her a Natural Veil for her Body.

You may imagine this Sight was like Wild-fire in my Blood, and made me immediately throw myself down by her, throw aside the thin Garments that deny'd my Eyes the Beauties of her Naked Body, and discover such Symmetry, that all the Poets feign of *Venus* cou'd not come up to. I was now scarce got into Possession of this inestimable Treasure, when in the next Room we heard the *Thane's* Voice, which made us start from all our Pleasures

Pleasures into the utmost Confusion. The danger was pressing, the Moments of Consideration so few, that we concluded of nothing but the worst Events, I was resolv'd to deliver her by the death of the *Thane*, and therefore drew my Sword, which had he then entred, he had certainly found immediately on his Body; but some Accident detaining him a few Moments in the Anti-Chamber, she came to her self, and bid me hide my self under the Bed; that to be sure he cou'd not stay long with her, and that her Reputation wou'd not suffer me to take any such desperate Remedy, which was worse, than the Disease, since it cou'd produce nothing but both our undoing.

I immediately comply'd with her Desire, and was now settled in my uneasy Post, and she pretty well compos'd from the disorder, and plac'd on the Bed, the better to conceal what had been done, when the *Thane* enter'd the Room; and approaching the Bed, ask'd her what made her in that Undress, and that Place in the middle of the Day. *Because it is the middle of the Day, reply'd she, when the heat is so strong, as to make all Cloaths intolerable, and is only fit for lying still, and sleep away the sultry Hours.*

The *Thane* sat down by her, and his playing with her Bosom, and looking on her Beauties in so tempting a Posture, gave him Desires, which he was resolv'd not to balk. *Thou art so Charming, my Annabella, (said he) that I find a fresh Youth invade all my Veins at the View of thy Person; I must indulge the welcome Vigour, and enjoy the Treasure, that is my own when I am able.* Annabella try'd all means to put off the odious Enjoyment, which was as disgustful to her, as tormenting to me. She pretended, she was not well, assum'd an ill Humour, struggled, scolded, but all in vain, the old *Thane* by the Authority of a Husband made

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her submit to his Pleasure while I lay in a double Rack, both for fear of a discovery, and to be witness of my Mistresses suffering the Embraces of another, which neither she nor I cou'd prevent.

The Matrimonial contest being over, and some tasteless Endearments past, the *Thane* retir'd, with Assurance of his return before the Evening; for her Beauties were so great, that he lost all his Happiness by the Tyranny of his Business, which deny'd him to be always in her Presence, and to dedicate himself entirely to her.

She saw him down Stairs, and mounted his Horse, that she might be sure he was gone, wishing the Beast might so disable him at his Journeys End, that he might not return very soon to interrupt her Pleasures. As soon as she came up having Lock'd all the Doors, she came to me, and bid me enlarge my self from so uneasy a Prison. I soon obey'd her Summons, and with shame, and despondence in my Eyes, observ'd no less in hers, which were cast down on the Ground, while her Face was all on a Flame with Blushes at what was past. *Do you not hate me, said she, after what has past. To hate you is impossible, (reply'd I) those Eyes and those Beauties, were made to give Love and not Hatred. I hate the Tyrant thy Husband, and hope he will break his Neck and never may be admitted to rifle those Sweets, that were made for the Blessing of Youth, not to be abused by old Age. I cou'd have wish'd, that his fond fit had been less successful when I was so nigh. But certainly there was no other Course to get rid of his Impertinence. It was the Malice of my Fortune, dear Annabella, and not any Fault of Yours: It was a check to my Happiness, which else wou'd have made me too satisfy'd in my Condition; but let us keep the Memory of the cursed Accident no longer alive by our Discourse, which I wou'd have utterly forgot.*

forgot. Let us lose no more time in repeating our Misery, but drown all Thoughts of it in an Ocean of Joy.

No (said Annabella) I can't forgive my self, and I will therefore, deny my self the Satisfaction of your Embraces, to do Penance for my Folly. But indeed I knew no other way of delivering both my self and you from his Company. No more my Charmer (said I) I am satisfy'd with the Necessity of what is past, but cannot be so with a denial of what ought to ensue. Let us therefore to the Bed, and there Redeem our time in Pleasures, better felt than express'd.

No, said she, I shall come polluted to your Arms--- but I will make a Purgation by Water, as the Ancients us'd to do---saying these Words, she open'd two folding Doors, which discover'd a neat Bath strow'd with sweet Herbs, and passing in threw off her Cloaths, and bury'd her self in the liquid Odours. The sight of this *Venus* set me again on Fire, and speedily undressing me, I rush'd into the Bath and clasp'd her in my Arms. What New ways dost thou find, my everlasting Charmer, to vary thy Beauties and my Pleasures! Having spent a few Moments in this watry Scene, we came out and drying our selves with the Linnen, that lay ready for that Use, I conducted my *Venus* to the Bed, and throwing off the Silk Counterpain and the Sheet, with which only it was Cover'd, we enter'd the soft Lists of Love; where we Fought the Battle with that Obstinacy, that we had scarce time to Dress, and I to get away before the old Thane return'd. I was just got out of the Garden door, and gone a few steps when I saw him and his Servant, turning of the Corner of the Street, and making full speed to his House; and I made as much haste as I cou'd to my own Appartment to refresh my self with Food, and Repose after a Journey so long and fatiguing.

Since this I had no Opportunity of seeing *Anna-bella* again till this Day : But yesterday had a Summons to meet her in the Garden-house when the *Thane* was asleep, and all the House at their Repose. But how that Assignment came to the Knowledge of young *Caithness* I can't imagine, unless she have told some Servant near her Person, of trusting whom there is indeed some Necessity. Thus you find, my dear Friend (concluded *Mack-beth*) that I put a perfect Confidence in you, and let you into the Secrets of my Soul, which no Man alive shou'd partake of but your self.

I am sensible of the Favour, my Lord, (reply'd I) and I dare believe you will never have Cause to repent your intrusting me with any thing. But to give you the greater Assurance, I shall return your Affair, with the Account of another of my own with a Lady no less Beautiful, as sharing indeed her Beauty in so near a Relation as a Sister. What the Charming Jaquenetta the Wife of the Thane of Gaury (interrupted Mack-beth?) The same, return'd I. Then our Souls were destin'd to an Intimacy by Sympathy, which drew both our Hearts to the Charming two Sisters.

In that indeed we perfectly agree, but my Amour is too Calm, and secure to give me those Whets to my Appetite which you enjoy. You know the two Factions that divide the Court, is that of *Caithness*, and that of *Ross*. The *Thane of Gaury*, is wholly in the interest of the *Thane of Ross*, from whose Interest in the King he promises himself the Establishment of that greatness he aims at. Ambition is his only Aim, and the important Business that takes up all his Thoughts, to which he Sacrifices all Considerations whatever. This makes him so active in engaging all the young Noble-men he can in the Interest of the Faction of *Ross*, adapting his Baits to the Inclination of the Party he wou'd Profelyte. Youth is generally

generally sway'd by some Passion and Pleasure, or other, which Byasses its Reason, or at least Opinion and Zeal. This Man he Entertains with Musick, that with splendid Treats; this with presents of Horses, that with losing his Money to him at Play. He easily discover'd my Inclinations to his Wife, which gave him more Joy, than Disturbance, since he had now found a Bribe in his Power to win me from a Party he thought me before too much inclin'd to. He, therefore, invites me to his House, caresses me with all the Tenderness of a Brother, and Vows all that is in his Power at my Service.

After Dinner he leaves me with his Wife, and officiously shuts the Door after him. She had her Lesson from her Husband, and immediately attacks my Inclinations for the *Caithness* Faction, urges the Honour and publick Spirit of that of *Ross*. I tell her the Story of my Heart, and assure her that her Will shou'd Byass me to which side she pleas'd, since her Eyes had obtain'd an absolute sway over my Heart, that it was impossible for me to pursue any Course, that she did not direct. That in pleasing her I arriv'd at my Wishes, and that from that Moment I listed myself in the Catalogue of her Converts, and wou'd receive all my Directions from her.

In short, I urg'd my Passion with that Eagerness and Address, that I found she had no Aversion to the Story, which had made me hope for the speedy Success, that follow'd. In this Discourse I had drawn pretty near her, - being fall'n on my knees with her Hand in mine, on which I seal'd all my Vows of Fidelity and Service. From thence I venture to her Lips, and found no Repulse from the Eager Advances of Kisses, as warm as my Desires. This gave me boldness to proceed to greater Liberties, and brought me a nearer de-

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gree to Enjoyment, till she sunk in my Arms, and suffer'd me to rifle all those sweets, which merited greater difficulties to obtain, and yet lessen'd not their value by being given so easily.

I retir'd to my Lodgings, highly satisfy'd with my success, and made no difficulty of entirely surrendering my self to the Party of *Ross*, in which I have continu'd zealous ever since; The Cause is known only to *Jaquenetta*, her Husband, you and my self; but Love, not Reason, was the motive of my Conversion; and I look'd on the Parties with so indifferent an Eye, that a much less cogent Argument might have carry'd me to either side. For the strife is not at all for the Publick Good, but which shall engross the King, and make all the Preferments their own and those of their Faction. This Affair has continu'd some time; but *Jaquenetta* has the Address artificially to make Obstacles, where really there are none, by that to salve her Husbonds Reputation, and heighten my Love. For she always makes our Enjoyments so secret, and with so much Caution, as if she were afraid of her Husband as much as her Sister, tho' what ever she does in this Amour, she does by his Authority.

Having thus made a mutual Confidence, and vow'd a perpetual Friendship, we parted, I went immediately to Court to hear what was become of Young *Caitbness*; and whether his Wounds had prov'd Mortal; or that there was any hopes of his Recovery. Tho' *Caitbness* was not of the Blood Royal, yet he was a powerful Man in his Country, and had still such an Interest in the King, that it wou'd have been hard for *Mack-Beth*, then not much known at Court, nor very much in the King's Favour, to have escap'd a disgrace in his first Rise.

When

When I came to Court I found the *Thane* of *Caithness* in some Fury, telling his Case to the Chief of his Party, aggravating the Assault on his Son by *Mack-Beth*; as if he had endeavour'd to Assassinate the Young *Caithness*, and not he *Mack-Beth*. He urg'd, that if the Princes of the Blood were permitted such Excesses, none of the Nobility were safe, who shou'd presume to oppose them on the most justifiable Occasions. That all the Quarrel *Mack-Beth* had to him, was his espousing the Cause of three Innocent Gentlemen, whom he had turn'd out of their Places to gratifie his Creatures; that one of them had fallen in defence of his Son, by the Hands of many bold Assassins, headed by that Prince. He urg'd them all to surround the King with one common Complaint, since doubtless it was meant, as an Insult to the whole Party; that the Faction of *Ross* was certainly in the Bottom of the Design, and had put a young hot-headed Prince on an Action, which they durst not engage in themselves.

Just as he had done his Complaint, the King came out of his Apartment, when old *Caithness* falling on his Knees, with Tears in his Eyes demanded Justice for the Loss of his Son, that now lay expiring with the Wounds he had receiv'd from a Band of Ruffians, headed by *Mack-Beth*. This was seconded by all the Party, and urg'd with that vehemence, that the King was going to order him to be taken up, and committed to Prison till the Event was seen of his Life or Death; when making up to the King I desir'd to be heard, and told him that the *Thane* of *Caithness* had foully aspers'd, and bely'd his Kinsman *Mack-Beth*; that to my knowledge *Mack-Beth* was assaulted by Three Rogues, employ'd by the Son of the *Thane*, and had only escap'd with his Life, by my accidental passing by and coming to his
Rescue;

Rescue; that as we were pursuing two of the Assassins, the third being fallen by the Hand of *Mack-Beth*, the Young *Caithness* stopping the Run-aways, exhorted them to renew their attack on both of us, which he encouraged by drawing himself, and pushing at *Mack-Beth*, but the Rogues had not Courage to join him, but flying still faster, *Mack-Beth* in his own Defence, and with his single Arm had given those Wounds to the Son, which the Father without Cause complain'd of.

The Heads of the Faction of *Ross* being by, took hold of this opportunity of engaging *Mack-Beth* in their Party, and with such vehemence espous'd his Cause, that at once provok'd the Indignation of Old *Caithness*, and brought the King over to their side. They therefore prevail'd with the King to set a Day when *Mack-Beth* shou'd clear himself, and bring the Young *Caithness* to a Tryal for his Assault of one of the Blood Royal of *Scotland*; which being fix'd to the Tenth Day after the Wounded was recover'd, one side went away with Satisfaction and Triumph; the other with Shame and Indignation, and secret Vows of Revenge, when opportunity offer'd.

There was no body shew'd more Zeal in the Cause of *Mack-Beth*, than *Banquo* another Prince of the Blood, prompted both by a particular Friendship between them, and his Apprehensions of the like danger himself, as frequently having occasion for going by Night, and alone on Affairs of the same Nature, that had thus expos'd *Mack-Beth* to the Assaults of his Enemies.

The Faction of *Caithness* had frequent Consultations on this troublesome Affair, and the uneasie Condition of their Party, which was very much in the Wain, and every Day losing ground with the King. But he being a very weak Prince, was often won and lost by each side, as the last Impressions

Impressions were made on him. The *Thane* of *Caithness* himself was a Man of skill in publick Affairs, of great address in Business, and of a generous Temper; but all his Designs were spoiled by his impatient Temper; which was a Weakness so well known to his Enemies, that they frequently made use of it to disturb his Reasoning in Council. The *Thane* of *Ross*, the Head of the contrary Faction was a Man of a very clear Head, cool and sedate in his Debates, and never was observ'd to be in a Passion in publick in his Life. It was not in the power of Man to ruffle his Temper, or make him lose that Moderation of Conduct, by which he constantly steer'd all his Actions. But then he was avaritious, never forgave the least Offence, and sure tho' late wou'd pay Revenge where he thought it was due. He had no measure in his Ambition, nor Lust of Wealth, yet he knew whom to let participate of the publick Spoils, and whom to exclude. He knew the Temper of all the Nobility, nor wanted the Arts to Wheedle the People into an Opinion of his Honour and Love of the Publick.

This being the Character of the two Heads of the opposite Parties, the Followers had a greater or less seasoning of either of these Qualities. Those of *Caithness* were generally Hot-headed, but generous; those of *Ross* Affable, Courteous, but Rapacious and Niggardly. However all managing their Pennry with so much Prudence, as to suspend the hatred of the People by popular Pretences till their Business was done; and then they easily took their *Quietus* to make room for another of the same Clan to follow their steps, and enjoy the same Benefit. If their Exorbitances lost them the King, and the People for one Year or two, they always had Address enough to wipe out the Odium, and force their way to the
Head

Head of Affairs, and keep their Posts for ten or twelve.

In a Debate of the Heads of the Faction of *Caithness*, it was resolv'd, that the Young Lord shou'd, as soon as able, apply himself to the *Thane* of *Kyle*, and tell him all that he knew of the Intrigue of *Mack-Beth* with his Wife, and insinuate, that his Wounds, and Disgrace were the Effects of his Zeal for his Honour; by which means he might revenge himself on the Partiality of the Lady, who had neglected him, and prompt the Jealousie of *Kyle*, to revenge himself on the Man that had done him such Wrong; which being speedily put in execution might prevent what he cou'd say against him on his Tryal; and lastly it might bring the *Thane* of *Kyle* over to their Party, when he found the Spoiler of his Honour in the Party of *Ross*.

This rash Resolution was too agreeable to the hot Temper of the Youth for him to delay the putting it in Practice. He, therefore, sends to the *Thane* of *Kyle*, that he was coming to wait on him, and desir'd him to stay at Home for him, because his Business was of such Importance to his Honour and Reputation, that it might not be deferr'd.

The Old *Thane* happen'd to be with his Wife, when this Message was deliver'd, and return'd for an Answer, that he waited him that Hour. *Annabella* was immediately apprehensive, that his Resentment of her Sights, and the Disgrace, that *Mack-Beth* had given him, prompted him to some Mischief against them, but cou'd not conceive how he cou'd have grounds sufficient to do her any Prejudice, unless the Declaration of his finding *Mack-Beth* in the Porch of her Garden-door might be thought so; and yet she cou'd not tell how to account for his watching there, if he had not had some Intelligence of the Assignment. Full of these Thoughts

Thoughts she sends up for her Maid, that was her only Confident in the Amour. She charges her with Treachery, in betraying her Secrets to the Young *Caithness*, from whom she expected her immediate Ruin. That it was in vain to deny that this Minute, which she must be call'd to declare the next, as an Evidence against that Mistress that had confided her Honour and Life to her Fidelity. But that yet it was in her Power to retrieve what she had done unless she was really her secret Enemy; but she shou'd remember, that she cou'd not long enjoy the benefit of her Treachery, since *Mack-beth* wou'd be sure to revenge her Quarrel; whose Interest, and Power e'ery day encreas'd, as that of the House of *Caithness* declin'd, and wither'd away.

In the midst of this Discourse the Maid was sent for in haste to her Master, so acknowledging her Weakness, unable to resist the Bribes of Young *Caithness*, yet she was resolv'd to turn his Malice on himself, and save her Lady from that Danger into which she had thrown her.

The Maid went to the *Thane* without any seeming Concern; but the Mistress follow'd after with too much uneasiness not to be seen in her Countenance; resolving to listen to the Consult, and determine either immediate Flight or Stay as she heard her Cause go.

Assoon as the Maid was enter'd, the Young *Caithness* thus address'd himself to her.—*The Discovery you have made to me of your Ladies Intrigue with Mack-Beth, has lain so on my Conscience, that I cou'd not rest till I had inform'd my honour'd Friend, the Thane of Kyle, of the Treachery of his Wife; an Angel indeed in the Beauties of her Body, and I wish for her Husband's sake, she were no less, in Mind, and Manners.*

Sir,

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Sir, (reply'd the Maid, without any change of Countenance, or Fear,) You surely are Mad, and know not what you say; or else you take this base ungenerous Method of revenging your self on me, and my Lady for slighting your Endeavours, at what you now accuse Mack-Beth of; you are unjust to deny her those Beauties of Mind of which you have made experience, when she rejected your Infamous Suit, tho' you are Young and Handsome, and my Lord something in Years.

Thou Monster of Woman! (cry'd out the hot Young Man) is it possible so much Impudence, and Guilt can meet in one Person; Did you not let me know of the Affignation the Night I fought with Mack-Beth? Was he not found in the Porch of your Garden? Had you not my Gold for the Intelligence? True (my Lord) reply'd the Maid, I confess I had Gold of you, and you deserv'd to lose it without any effect, since it was meant as a Bribe to my Integrity, and as the Shower of Jove to let you into the Brazen Tower where my Lady was conceal'd. But, Sir, I presume you cannot boast that I did perform what you desir'd, I never did admit you, nor ever wou'd, Heaven knows my Heart, any Man living to the Injury of the Honour of my good Lord, or my Lady, being very well assur'd of the eternal Hatred of both, and immediate Punishment for any such Transgression.

The Thane of Kyle was almost confounded in the Matter; for he cou'd not imagine, that the Young Caithness cou'd have so much Folly and Madness to Summon the Maid for a Witness of the Truth of what he had asserted against his Wife, if he really had not been told so by her. But then that Readiness, and Unconcern in the Wench, and the Heartiness of her Asseveration wou'd not let him believe, that there was any thing in the Matter, more than the Jealousie of Caithness, or some Misinformation he had had from her,

her, or some other of his Family on purpose to Bubble him of his Gold. At last, Sir, (said he) I wou'd willingly think a Man of Honour spoke Truth, but when I find a Gentleman quitting his Honour in the Accusation of a Lady, I have more Reason to Credit my Servant, whose Evidence seems to argue you guilty of a Will, tho' not a Power of Injuring me that very Way, which you wou'd perswade me you abhor in Mack-Beth.

This sedate Speech of Kyle provok'd Young Caitbness more, than the Impudence of the Maid, and made him utter Words that rais'd the Spirit of Old Kyle; who putting it close to him, whether he had ever made any amorous Attempts on Annabella? He in a Rage, and by way of Contempt, reply'd yes, and had succeeded as well as others, had I had but as much slavish Patience to attend. This confirm'd the Thane, that his Wife was wrongfully accus'd, and that all that had been said was the effect of Revenge for his Disappointment.

In this dispute the Name of Annabella was often mention'd with some noise; hence she took her Que and enter'd, desiring of her Husband the Reason of that Noise, and the frequent mention of her Name. Do you know this young Gentleman? (said the Thane) he accuses you—What of Cruelty to his Passion—(interrupted she) my Lord? I am asham'd that you encourage those by your Friendship, who know no Return, but to affront your Wife with their criminal Love. I know not what he can accuse me of, but the slighting his odious Addresses, and that I hope, my Lord, is no Crime in your Eyes. Enough my Dear, (saith the Thane) I doubt not but thy Virtue is as good Proof against Mack-Beth, as against him, tho' he tells me a lame story of an Intrigue you had with him, of which he was inform'd by this Maid; but she denies his Assertion, and his Baseness

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Baseness in Assassinating Mack-Beth, and accusing a Lady of Adultery, because she wou'd not commit it with him, and above all, because, I know thy chaste temper and moderation, I do for ever renounce all Communication with him, and forbid him my House, and will be for ever after an eternal Enemy to him, and his. You may therefore now depart in safety Young Gentleman, because you enter'd my House now as a Friend; but Death is your Lot, if from this moment you set your Feet with in it.

I confess (said Young Caithness) I am in the wrong to think that any Man cou'd be believ'd against so much Beauty; that the Conscious Impotence of Age cou'd cease to have the Vanity of believing it self sufficient for so much Youth. But be not too secure, old Lord, Time may discover what that Villainous Maid denies me the proof of.

Having said this, he left the House in Confusion and Shame to relate his Success to the Cabal.

Tho' the Thane of Kyle was satisfy'd in his Wife's Innocence by the Confusion of Young Caithness, yet, his last Words wou'd never out of his Head. He consider'd his Age, and her Youth, and that Consideration gave him a perpetual Alarm, and made him keep a continual Watch over her Actions. But Spies are Mercenary, and will not see what they are set to Watch, when the Gallant's Gold flies into their Eyes. This Mack-Beth found true, for the very Creatures of the Husband most promoted his Amour, till too much security threw them on a Discovery, which if not prevented by the Death of the Thane, might have been fatal to both; to such Hazards does unlawful Love expose its Devotes. Annabella had lately took a fancy when in her Lovers Embraces to barracade the Door of the Anti Chamber, with some Chairs, and at a little distance she plac'd some small Stools, with the Fire-Shovel and
Tongs

Tongs upon them; perhaps foreseeing what afterwards happen'd, if not on purpose to produce the Event which came to pass. One Night, she was in the Arms of *Mack-Beth*, and the *Thane of Kyle*, having notice of it by some new Spy, not yet discover'd, nor in the Enemies Interest, came up a back way, and taking a Candle in one Hand, and his Sword in the other, he opens the Door of the Anti-Chamber, which finding barricado'd in that manner, so rais'd his Indignation, that he made his way in; and going in a Passion, stumbl'd over one of the little Stools, and bruis'd himself so much in the fall, being Old and Gross, that he lay for Dead. This alarms the Lovers; he is hid, she comes out, removes the Tongs, Stools, and Chairs, before any one cou'd come; summons the House to his Aid, and gives her self the Air of a Grief, which she ought to have on such an Occasion; for tho' the *Thane* breath'd, and shew'd manifest signs of Life, yet he neither open'd his Eyes nor utter'd one Word.

Mack-Beth was convey'd away in the Hurry, Surgeons sent for, and all things apply'd that might do him good, but having bruis'd some Part within him, all Applications were in vain; for he expir'd before the Morning, in the Arms of his Wife, and the Presence of the Family. Tho' *Antabella* was infinitely pleas'd in her Heart at an Accident, that had not only sav'd her Life, but set her at Liberty to enjoy her Lover at Pleasure, yet she put on that outward Form of Sorrow, which Widows generally use on Occasions of this Nature.

Many Days she paid to this Formality, and soon after the Interment many Nights to Love. But while she cou'd not be satisfy'd with the frequent Enjoyment of her belov'd *Mack-Beth*, un-

less he confin'd himself perpetually to her Arms, he finding no more difficulties in his Amour, and tir'd of the intollerable Fondness of his Mistress, grew weary, and cold in her Presence, and often made lame Excuses for his Absence. Till now having cast his Eyes on the Daughter of the *Thane of Ross*, newly arriv'd at the Court, he perfectly abandon'd *Annabella*, in spite of all her endeavours to retain, or recover his Heart.

This was an Amour of another Nature, and Matrimony only cou'd accomplish his Desires; there was Interest enough in the Match to engage his Prudence, and Honour enough to stir up the Ambition of her Father. *Mack-Beth*, whose Mind was ever thinking of a Nobler Chace, than Womankind, consider'd that to link himself so fast with the head of so powerful and popular a Party, wou'd make an easie way to the Crown, if other Circumstances shou'd ever Concur: And the Lady, whose Soul was much fuller of Ambition, than Love, fancy'd her Marrying a Prince of the Blood, set her at least some steps nearer the Golden Circle. Both sides having these Motives, the Match was soon agreed on, and the Day for the Celebration of the Marriage soon fix'd.

But now the Tryal of Young *Caithness* was push'd on with Vigour, which had all this while been delay'd by the Fathers Arts, and his pretence of not being yet recover'd. The Matter was plainly prov'd against him, ev'n by the Villains he employ'd, who had their Pardon to be Evidences against him. He is Convicted, and Condemn'd to Banishment into the Isles during the King's Pleasure; who was now so well guarded and surrounded by the Creatures of *Ross*, that no Application cou'd be made to alter or retard the Sentence. Being therefore, compell'd to go
into

into Banishment, he was accompany'd by all the Party of *Caithness* several Miles from the City, and *Mac-duald*, a Man of great Int'rest in the Isles, went quite to the place of his Exile, with an Intention to Revenge his Cause not only on *Mack-beth*, but the King and the whole Court; as his after Attempts plainly discover'd.

In the mean while the Wedding of *Mack-beth* is celebrated with great Magnificence, and the Presence of the whole Court, except *Caithness* and his Party, too melancholly, and too much disgusted to be present at a Solemnity, which was so hateful to them, and so prejudicial to their Cause.

Soon after this *Caithness* retir'd to his Estate in the North, which gave him a formidable Power in those Parts, and with him went the *Thane* of *Narn* and *Sutherland*; Men of turbulent Spirits, as well as very Potent in those Parts, where we shall leave them till their preparing those Factions, in which they were to fall in the beginning of the Reign of *Mack-Beth*.

Mack-Beth being Marry'd, his Lady inspir'd a new Air into his Face and Spirit to his Conduct. Amours, that had taken up so much of his time before, found but little share in his leisure Hours afterwards. He apply'd himself wholly to Business and Military Affairs, in which his Progress was so speedy and considerable, that he soon appear'd at the Head of an Army which he made by his Conduct and Valour successful.

Mack-duald, whom I mention'd, retiring into the Western Islands with the young *Caithness*, had been so industrious in Mischiefs, as to stir up the People of those Parts into Rebellion, declaring against the Faction of *Ross*; and the King himself, as the meer Tool of that Party, not free in his Actions, nor at Liberty to do Justice to any, whom the *Rossians* had a Mind to oppress;

Mack-Beth and *Bancho* were made choise of by the Ministry to command the Army against the Rebels. They Rendezouz'd at *Inverness*, where the Command was thus divided: *Bancho* with a sufficient Force march'd into *Ross*, to the Borders of *Sutherland*, to have an Eye on the *Thanes* of *Caithness* and *Sutherland*, who they had Reason to believe were in the Design, and wou'd join them if they found the Islanders met with any tolerable success. But in Appearance they lay still, as not at all concern'd in the Affair, either aw'd by the Neighbourhood of *Bancho*, or their own distrust of good Fortune.

Their Agents however spread strange Rumours of the Power of the Islanders, and made incredible Stories of their wonderful Exploits, thereby to dispose them to the like Attempt, or at least to discover how strong their Party wou'd be shou'd they join in the Revolt.

Mack-Beth past over into *Skie*, where all the Rebels were met, and ready to invade the Continent had he not prevented them by his speed. *Mack-duald* and his Islanders were something dishearten'd at his Approach, and often consulted of a Retreat, but that was impossible, without a Victory, which they had Cause to despair of. Not but that they were far more Numerous, than the Army of *Mack-Beth*, but they were a rude and ill disciplin'd Multitude, and ill provided with Warlike Stores and Arms, and no News of the Men of *Caithness* and *Sutherland*, who, *Mack-duald*, had assur'd them wou'd join them. *Mack-Beth* wou'd not give them leave to recover of their Fears, but immediately fell on them, totally routed their Army, killing vast Numbers on the Spot, and taking all, or most of the rest Prisoners. He then pursu'd *Mack-duald* to a strong Fortrefs, whither he was retir'd with a Handful of his Followers,

lowers, that had escap'd the Battle. But finding himself unable to hold out, and expecting, or desiring no mercy from *Mack-Beth*, he fell on his own Sword, expiring the very moment, the Fortrefs surrender'd. *Mack-Beth* was not satisfy'd with the Execution he had done on himself, but order'd his Head to be struck off on a Scaffold by the Provost Marshal in the sight of his Army. Nor was he content with this Punishment of the Leader, but, contrary to the true Policy of sparing the Multitude, he hung up all the Prisoners he took, which drew the hatred of all the People on the King, as done by his Order.

Mack-beth and *Bancho* return in Tryumph to Court, and receive the Compliments of all Degrees, and the Thanks of the King, and the Carresses of their Friends. But they enjoy'd not long the Tranquility, such a great success promis'd them. For the Domestick Enemy being suppress'd, Fate rais'd them another far more terrible and dangerous. For *Sveno* or *Swane* King of *Norway*, came into the *Frith* of *Forth* with a very numerous Fleet, aboard which he had a very formidable Army, which he landed in *Fife*.

The King immediately dispatch'd *Mack-beth* to draw together all the Force he cou'd in the East, while he and *Bancho* made a stand with what he cou'd in haste gather together; and being too Confident in his Men ventur'd, contrary to *Bancho's* Advice, to march against *Sveno*, and endeavour to drive him to his Ships before he had made too firm footing in his Kingdom, as the *Danes* had done in *England*. He came to a Battle with the *Norwegians*, and was beaten, but not in so disgraceful a Manner, but that he made good his Retreat to *Perth*; there to attend the arrival of *Mack-beth*; who now being come near him, at a Consult betwixt them advis'd the King to have

Recourse to Stratagems since he had met with such ill Luck in his Tryal of Force. It was therefore propos'd by *Mack-beth*, that the King shou'd send some Commissioners to *Sweno* to Treat of a Peace, and of the Conditions, that *Sweno* wou'd be pleas'd to allow them. That the Commissioners shou'd act so as to give the *Norwegian* Reason to think the King's Case was very desperate, that so he might be the more Remiss in his Discipline, and taking it for granted, that his Business was already done, make him negligent of the means of accomplishing it.

These Measures approv'd, I was by *Mack-beth* recommended as a fit Person for managing this Affair. I took care to discharge my Trust so well as to give full Satisfaction to those, that employ'd me. For by my Address I inspir'd a Belief, that the King only waited his Terms for an entire surrender. His first Demand was a sufficient quantity of Wine and Provision to supply his Army, to be furnish'd ev'ry Day during the Treaty. I desir'd leave to send the King Notice of his Demand; which being known to *Mack-beth*, he took the Hint, and propos'd to the King the poisoning all the Liquor with a soporeferous Drug, common enough in *Scotland*, and that when the *Norwegian* Army had had their full Dose the *Scots* shou'd fall on them, and make them an easy Prey. This was immediately put in Execution, and word was return'd, that the supply demanded shou'd be sent into the Camp the next Day, on *Sweno's* Parole, that none that brought it in shou'd suffer any injury, but be permitted to depart in Security.

The *Norwegians*, after the Fatigue of a long Voyage, and that of a Battle, were too fond of Refreshment, to be at all Temperate in such a Plenty of good Liquor, so that they soon threw themselves

themselves into the Condition, that we desir'd. And our Army advancing came time enough to Cut all their Throats, except the Kings, and three or four more, who had been more temperate, than the rest, who bore off the King, now half asleep with the Potion, and laying him across a Horse, hurry'd him a Ship-board, scarce able to Man one small Vessel with all the Survivers of that fatal Day; the other Ships without Mariners fell foul on each other, and were sunk in the *Firth*.

This disgrace coming to the Ears of *Canutus*, he sends another great Fleet with Men to Revenge the Quarrel of the *Norwegians*, but *Mack-beth* and *Bancho*, fall on them as soon as landed, and cut most of them to Pieces, the rest make a precipitate retreat to their Ships, hoist their Sails and away to Sea, having had enough of Attempts on the *Scottish* Coasts.

These terrible Defeats to the *Norwegians* and *Danes*, restor'd Peace and Security to *Scotland*, so that there being nothing now to fear from abroad, they had the more leisure to take Advantage of a weak King, and stir up Factions at home. This success against Domestick and Foreign Enemys gave the Faction of *Ross* too much Security to suffer them to observe any Measures of Right or Wrong. They threw aside their Veil of Publick good, and every Man plainly drove at his own Gain, and Advancement to Posts, that might yield him that Profit which he sought.

This Conduct in a little Time bred ill Blood in the People, and a *Rossian* grew more odious, than ever one of *Caithness* had formerly been. The *Thanes* of *Caithness*, *Sutherland* and *Narn*, had Notice of this State of Affairs, and Thought in now Time to return to Court, where the publick Grievances made way for their re-admission

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to the Ear of the King and Administration of the Publick. Their arrival alarm'd those of *Ross*, and the struggle begun with great Fury on both sides. The publick Complaints gave the Advantage to those of *Caithness*, so that they are again receiv'd into Favour, and all their Dependants exalted to Places, but that Insolence, which always made them lose the Hearts of the People in a little Time, notwithstanding all the Exorbitances of the Faction of *Ross*, who had the good Breeding to pick your Pocket with an humble Bow, and oppress you with all the gay Affability in the World, but those of *Caithness*, did it with Insolence and Pride, as if they had a Right to what they did, and offer'd you no injury at all.

During these Bickerings betwixt these Parties, now this now that being uppermost, *Mack-beth* being one Summers Evening in his Garden, beneath a shady Arbour, was lull'd asleep by the chirping of the Birds, and the Murmurs of a tumbling Brook, that ran just beneath it. He had not been long asleep, but a Vision appear'd to him most surprising, and pleasing; three Women appear'd to him, with Faces shining with celestial Glory, and Garments like the Beams of the Sun. The first salutes him by the Name of *Thane of Angus*; the second by that of *Murray*, and the third by the Title of King of *Scotland*. I know very well, that there is a Story spread abroad since his evil Administration, that he met three Witches in a Forest, who visibly, and by Day-Light gave him those Salutations, but I had it from his own Mouth long before, and take the Dream to be nothing else but the Effect of his perpetual Thoughts, how to bring that ambitious Design about, and to which his Lady, whose Soul was nothing but Ambition, push'd him on incessantly.

Notwithstand-

Notwithstanding the Power of *Caithness*, he found both the Popularity and Nobility so much in the Interest of *Mack-beth*, that he smother'd his former Resentment, and made it his whole Endeavours to gratify his Ambition, and make him his Friend. By his Int'rest therefore he was first made *Thane* of *Angus*, and afterwards *Thane* of *Murray*. However, *Caithness* put not such Confidence in the Merits of his Services to *Mack-beth*, as not to have Spies enow about him to give him a continual Account of all his Designs and Actions.

At this time you know, *Thane* of *Glamis*, that there arose a third Faction betwixt both, which grew extreamly Popular, because the redressing the Grievances, which came from the other two was their Pretence, and I believe the Design of many of them. *Archibald*, *Thane* of *Argyle*, was one of the Chief of this Party, call'd the *Patriots*, and *Mack-beth* foreseeing how advantageous it wou'd be to him to be at the Head of them, soon enter'd himself in their Lists, and by Consequence became their Head. Many of these Gentlemen, especially your noble Father, my dear *Lorn*, mov'd with a generous Love and Compassion for their Country, torn to Pieces by Factions (for let which side soever be uppermost, *Scotland* was sure to be a Prey) began to consider how to put an End to a Mischief, that if not quickly prevented must prove the Destruction of their Country. They found the King of so Fickle and Weak a Temper, that he had lost his Reputation and Esteem with the Nobility and People; and show'd so little Resolution, that his Declarations never carry'd with them any Authority. The Evils were too great for *Duncan* to redress; they wanted a Man of Spirit, Bravery and Resolution to over-awe and quash all the Parties, that had got too great Head for the safety of *Scotland*. It.

It was no new thing with us to remove one King, and set up another, as we have judg'd it conducive to the publick Good; and Mankind indeed seems to have a Right of doing this on just Occasions. So that finding no Hopes of Remedy from *Duncan*, or his Family, they concluded to bestow the Crown on *Mack-beth*, who was a Man of those Parts, that were requisite to so great a Worth, in so difficult a Time.

Caithness had some blind Intelligence of their Design, at least had such Account of their Consultations, as comparing it with their Actions, he concluded that they aim'd at dethorning of *Duncan*, and setting up *Mack-beth* or *Bacnbo*, or some other Relation of the Crown. He signify'd his Fears to the King, but the Patriots were too powerful to be attack'd by open Force, and therefore *Caithness* advis'd the King, that since the Government of *Cumberland* was the first step to the Throne, he shou'd cut off their Hopes that way by immediately declaring his Son *Malcolm* Governour of that Province, tho' a Child. The King had but two Sons by his Wife, the Daughter of *Sibert*, Duke of *Northumberland*, this *Malcolm* was the Eldest, and *Donald* or *Duncan*, the Youngest, neither of them capable by their Years of a Post of that Importance and Dignity.

This step gave such an Alarm to the Patriots, that they were forc'd to have several Consultations about it. Some wou'd not take the least irregular Measures for obtaining the greatest Good; but those were but half Patriots; while those who were resolv'd to put an End to the publick Miseries, were resolv'd to push on their delivery by deposing of *Duncan*, and setting up of *Mack-beth* or *Bancho*, who was also thought on, tho' not furnish'd with many Votes in the Cabal.

In the mean time *Mack-beth* grew uneasy at these delays, ev'ry Day express'd a greater and nearer Kindness for *Bancho*, till having perswaded him to a Belief, that the Crown might be his if *Duncan* were remov'd; or if it shou'd fall to *Mack-beth* by plurality of Voices, yet as he had no Children, nor likely to have any, *Bancho* wou'd be his Heir and Successour, either in his own Person, or in his Off-Spring. At the same time he put me on to persuade *Bancho*, that the way to make the greater Interest with the Patriots, was to be before-hand with *Mack-beth* in the dispatch of the King; for as long, as he was alive the Cabal wou'd be very dilatory in their Resolves. I perswaded *Mack-beth* in the mean time to leave the dispatch of the King wholly to *Bancho*, who wou'd get the Odium of that Action, the Benefit of which wou'd be altogether his. He seem'd to allow of my Reasons: But whether push'd on by his Lady, or his own Impatience of expecting that Golden Round, which already he fancy'd on his Brow, he sent a party of Men, who joining *Bancho's*, and meeting the King on the Road to *Innerness*, fell on him from their Ambush, and having left him and some of his Train dead, separated without any Pursuit, so odious was the King grown to the People.

The News of the King's Death arriving, the Nobility assembled at *Scone*, whither *Mack-beth* and *Bancho* came with the first, both in Mourning for his Majesty, and showing in their Faces no little Concern. However they were neither of them remiss in the making their Interest, tho' it is said, that *Bancho* made all his for *Mack-beth*, and only set up for a Candidate to prevent any other. However that was, it is plain, that *Mack-beth* carry'd the Point by a very great Majority; and was very speedily crown'd King at *Scone*.

Malcolm

Malcolm and *Donald*, the Children of the unfortunate *Duncan*, fled away immediately, *Malcolm* for *Cumberland* his Government, and *Donald* to the Islands.

Did I in this, O *Glamis*! more than you, and the rest of the Patriots, who join'd in the delivery of our Country from the Oppressions of Factions! Did not *Mack-beth* answer the End for which he was set upon the Throne? Did he not keep his Word with the Nobility? It was by my Advice, that the first Years of his Reign were so eminent for Justice and good Policy, that few Kings have excell'd him. *Seneca* cou'd not restrain the Nature of *Nero* above five Years, I did in great Measure that of *Mack-beth* for ten. Wou'd you accuse *Seneca* for the Evils that *Nero* did after he had deserted his Counsel? That wou'd be Injustice.

But I confess, that I did not suffer like *Seneca* for a Zeal for the publick. I confess my Weakness, I did not oppose the wild and barbarous Will of my Prince, and my Friend, with that warmth, that I ought to have done. I have had I own more regard to the Advantage of his Friendship, than to that publick good, which set him on the Throne. But then I knew all Endeavours that way had been to no purpose, and cou'd only produce my Ruin without any Advantage to the Publick, as will appear when I come to an Account of his last seven Years; and then I hope you will see that tho' my Favour with *Mack-beth*, made me obnoxious to the Malecontents, yet that I turn'd that Favour to the Service of some when it was any way in my Power.

When he was got on the Throne he endeavour'd to fix himself by frequent and signal Honours done the Nobility, and Gifts which were answerable to their Services to him and the Publick. He charm'd

charm'd the People by a due Administration of Justice, which the late Reign had depriv'd them of the Benefit of, and a real Severity, which soon reclaim'd the wild Multitude from their irregular ways. The Remisness of the Government under *Duncan*, had given Rise to Robbers, and Highway-Men to that degree, that People liv'd as if there were perpetual Incursions of an Enemy in the Country; no Man being safe on the Road, or so much indeed as in his own House or Castle; whole Bands of them surrounding, nay openly besieging them in the Day-time.

This was an Evil as bad as War, and therefore to be remov'd by a Prince of any common Prudence. But these Robbers were grown so numerous, that to attack them by plain Force might prove the Work of Time, and the loss of the Lives of many Good Subjects. *Mack-Beth*, therefore laid a Stratagem to do it all at once. His Money easily found admission among the Sons of Rapin, and corrupted some to betray the rest; it was given out, that there was a great Cargo of Treasure coming out of the North; but defended by a Numerous Guard; the Creatures of *Mack-Beth* persuaded the Attempt with all their whole Force, as it pass'd through the *Blair of Athol*, by that means not only to enrich themselves, but ev'n disable the King in his Endeavours of their Suppression, Money being the Nerves of War.

Mack-Beth had taken care to disperse his Army on several sides of the *Blair*, with Orders all to March together on such a Signal given. The Bait was come into the Plain, the Thieves engag'd with the Guard, whence the King's Forces advanc'd on ev'ry side, and hem'd in the Robbers; so that the greater Part surrender'd at Discretion, and the Obstinate were soon cut to pieces, and so put an end to that plague of the Country,

which

which had reign'd a long while. This gave the new King no small Reputation among the People, while by his Benefit, they find they cou'd now safely sit under their own Vines, and enjoy the Fruit of their own Labours, without having it ravish'd from them by such Lawless Outrages.

But there still remain'd the grand Evil, which had been the source of the former; and that was the Factions of *Ross* and *Caithness*, who now began to struggle who shou'd engross the Ear of the New King; each pretending the Merit of seating him on the Throne. But *Mack-Beth* was not a Man to be under Tutelage, and therefore naturally hated both Parties, and resolv'd on their Extirpation. He declar'd there shou'd be an end of all Parties, for no Man shou'd have favour from the Crown, but by his own particular Desert, and those be entirely rejected who distinguish'd themselves by the Names of either Faction. Nor was his Declaration like those of *Duncan*, meer Words without Meaning, for he punctually observ'd whatever he had determin'd.

This put both Parties into a Rage, and that so extraordinary, that they both join'd together, with a Resolution, to set up young *Malcolm*, or if he refus'd it, any one else whom they cou'd manage better, than they found they cou'd *Mack-Beth*: To this Purpose the *Thane* of *Ross*, *Caithness*, *Sutherland*, and *Narn* retir'd to the Country, and there, according to their Turbulent Nature, set all in a Flame. Loyalty to the true Heir of the Crown was their Pretence, and the putting an end to the Scandal of an Usurpation, which must end in the Ruin of the Nobility.

These Pretences drew in some, but the love of Fishing in a troubled Stream, many more, who had been too long us'd to Rapine to be pleas'd with a Legal Establishment, where Right only

was

was to prevail, and Oppression to be destroy'd. The *Thanes* were Men of great Estates, and had a numerous Vassalage that depended upon them, which enabled them to bring into the Field a formidable Power. But *Mack-Beth* was not remiss and idle in this Conjunction, but Mustering up a Force sufficient to curb the Rebels, making the *Thane of Argyle*, Lieutenant General under himself, march'd directly to the Foe. The Leaders of the Enemy were a little surpris'd at the Readiness of the King, and so resolv'd not to delay a moment falling on him, for fear that their Party shou'd by his Stratagems, and Endeavours, fall from them, and their unjustifiable undertaking. They March therefore to seek out the King's Forces, which yet were not all join'd. The *Thane of Argyle* was advanc'd a Days March before the grand Army with about four Thousand Men, Horse and Foot, but on receiving Advice of the Enemies Approach, he made Halt for the King to come up to him. But before they cou'd join, the Faction fell on him; but he maintain'd his Ground so well, that they gave no way till the main Body join'd, and with that united Force soon put an end to the Debate. A miserable Carnage ensu'd, the *Thanes* were all taken Prisoners, and carry'd to *Scone*, and the Common People, by my Advice, much better spar'd, than they were in the Isle of *Skie*.

Mack-Beth and his Friends return'd in Triumph, having perfectly settled the Country, where these Commotions had been. And now the Debate came on what shou'd be done to the Ring-leaders of all these Disturbances. Perpetual Imprisonment was the general Censure; and few of the Lords of his Council were for putting so many Noblemen to a Capital Punishment. This Advice did not then relish the Opinion of the King; and much less when he had consulted the Queen, who was always

ways for violent Courses, and now warmly declar'd for the Execution of them all, tho' her own Brother, the *Thane of Ross*, was of that Number. However, I believe, my self, the *Thane of Argyle*, and you, my Lord of *Glamis*, had prevail'd, had not, at that very Moment, News come of the Rising of *Mac-gild*, the most powerful Person of *Galloway*. This put an end to the dispute, and immediate Orders were given for the beheading the *Thane of Ross*, *Caithness*, *Sutherland*, and *Narn*.

This Execution was scarce over when the King drew his Forces down to *Galloway*, and after many Skirmishes, in which he generally was worsted, he came to an Engagement with the Main Army of *Mac-gild*, and gave him a compleat overthrow, and took him Prisoner, and not staying for any formal Tryal, by Law of Arms Commanded his Head to be struck off on the spot.

By his Success, and this Severity, he quash'd all the Turbulent Spirits of the Time, and establish'd that Peace, which at first he improv'd by making many good and wholesome Laws, and those indeed more numerous, and more useful, than any Prince before him.

By these Arts, and this Conduct he fix'd himself in the Love of the Nobility, and People; and *Scotland* for some Years enjoy'd that happy Tranquility, it had not tasted in many Years before.

All Obstacles being remov'd, which kept awake the stirring Temper of *Mack-Beth*; he began to give way to that Amorous Inclination, which Hurry, and Ambition, and Business had along while lull'd asleep. The Queen was a Woman, that took so little Delight in the Conjugal Embraces, that she had an utter Aversion to Man in that particular; and the better to engross her
 principal

principal Delight, the governing of the Nation, she took care to amuse her Husband with the Chace of some Ladies of the Court, while she drew the Dispatch of all Affairs of State into her own Hands.

As she was Ambitious, so she was extremely Jealous of her Power, and mortally hated any one, that cou'd give her the least Cause of Suspicion. She remember'd that *Bancho* had appear'd a Competitor with her Husband, and had for that Reason a vigilant Eye over him. Her Spies had told her that some *Gypsies* had assur'd *Bancho*, on enquiring his Fortune, that his Posterity shou'd be Kings of *Scotland*, and keep Possession of the Throne, as long as the Nation remain'd. This tho' an idle Story, was sufficient to alarm a Woman of her Temper, who from that Time was contriving how she shou'd engage the King to take him off, and his only Son *Fleans*, which wou'd be an effectual Defeat of the Prophecy. She was apprehensive, that the Story of the *Gypsies* wou'd scarce be of Force enough to raise a Jealousie in *Mack-Beth*, a Man of whose Fidelity and Friendship he had had such experience. Her only way therefore, was to make a Breach betwixt them, which wou'd make way for those Insinuations she had a mind to make to his Prejudice. After much study, Accident furnish'd the Means. About this Time came to Court a Beautiful young Lady, that was half Sister to *Bancho*, tho' of as few Years as his own Son *Fleans*. She was committed to the Care of her Brother, and his Wife, who was very intimate with the Queen. This young Lady by her was brought to kiss the Queens Hand, and offer her Service. The Queen prais'd her Beauty, and having heard who she was, immediately resolv'd to make her the Engine of her Design. She was very sensible of the

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Amorous Temper of *Mack-Beth*, and was so well pleas'd with it, that she always indulg'd, nor ever gave him any Interruption of his Amours; but on the Contrary, if they depended on her, perpetually promoted them, since as long as the King minded his Pleasures, she enjoy'd hers of the chief Administration.

The first Opportunity she had alone with the King, she took care to serve him with such a Description of this Young Lady, that cou'd not fail of the desir'd Effect. When she had done thus, she took care to shew her to the best Advantage, so that by her Beauty, and her Conversation, which was sprightly, she made an entire Conquest of the Heart of *Mack-Beth*. His other Amours were nothing but Games of Pleasure; containing nothing difficult, few Ladies thinking it any Wrong to their Virtue, to take a King to their Arms. But *Inetta* (for that was her Name) had brought that Modesty, and Principle to Court that cou'd not easily be corrupted. She was about Nineteen Years of Age, and had had so Noble an Education, that she might justly be reckon'd among the Learned Women. She was, besides, in her Temper, more inclinable to Ambition, than Love; and tho' she wou'd not have been displeas'd to have been the Wife of *Mack-beth*, yet she cou'd not think it agreeable to her Greatness, to be his Whore.

The King made some little Advances, to try her, sometimes, but soon found her of a different Relish from the rest of the Court Ladies; which made him still more in Love, and desirous of vanquishing a Difficulty, he had not yet met with in all his amorous Affairs. The Queen was pleas'd to see her Plot take so well, but was unsatisfy'd, that the King's Desires were not more Violent; she therefore told him that she wou'd please him
with

with a Sight, that wou'd give him a great deal of Pleasure, if he cou'd bear it with any Moderation. She said she was sensible of his Inclinations for *Inetta*, and that she approv'd them, as worthily plac'd, but that it became not a King to suffer a Repulse from the Pride of a foolish Girl, as long as he had Power and Force to accomplish his Wishes. *Inetta*, said she, you have seen yet but by halves, over the Door of the Bath you know there is a little Inlet of Light, whence you may see all her Perfections of Person undiscover'd, and then you'll be convinc'd that she is a Prize worth the taking. This Morning I intend to take her in with me, be you at your Post at the Hour.

The King was transported at the Thought, and the Queen was as good as her Word, *Inetta* Innocently appearing to the View of the King as naked as she was born. I have heard him in Raptures, give a Description of her Form, and a good Painter might take a *Venus* from the Draught he gave of her. If he was in Love before, he was now almost raving; Company was disgustful to him, and I only was admitted to the Secret of his Disturbance; I assure you, my Lords, I did what lay in my Power to divert him from a Course, that must be so injurious to his Reputation, and Interest; but I might as well have preach'd to the Winds, Love had engross'd him, and nothing but the satisfaction of his Desires cou'd give him any Temper. This being evident, and loving the Man more, than the King, I advis'd him to try fair means; that few Women cou'd withstand opportunity, and the Charms of Royalty in their Adorer. That Assiduity might do much, while Force gave but half enjoyment; and expos'd him to the Revenge of *Bancho*, who being of the Blood, and a Man of high Spirit, wou'd take no Atonement for such a Dishonour.

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Mack-Beth seem'd satisfy'd with my Advice; and finding *Inetta* alone, fell into Discourse with her; the Queen very decently leaves the Chamber, as on some suddain Business, while they were very earnest in some Dispute. For she with some Heat defended the Honour of Woman, which he maintain'd to be only a Useful Word to cover her Pleasures. But the Queen being gone, the King taking hold of her Hand fell down on his Knees by her, and casting his Eyes, full of Love, and burning desire on *Inetta*, thus deliver'd himself to her. ——— *Alas, most Charming of thy Sex, dost thou know, that those Eyes of thine have made thy King the most miserable Wretch in the World. Yes, Inetta, I Love you, and Love you beyond my self, for my Life must quickly terminate, unless you will give me Leave to hope, that I shall not always sigh in vain.*

At that he clasp'd her Hand hard, and press'd it with ardent Kisses, thence rose to her Lips, and amidst a thousand struggles ravish'd, as many Kisses without giving her leave to speak a Word. But disengaging her self from him, she was running out of the Room, but that the Queen immediately enter'd, and seeing his Confusion, ask'd what was the Matter. *Nothing, my dear, (reply'd the King) but that I have been robbing the fine Lips of Inetta of some Kisses, which she had no mind to part with to me. She thinks me too Old for such Favours. Inetta (return'd the Queen) is but a Young Courtier, else she wou'd not think the Kisses of a King could be disgustful; especially when so innocent as yours, my Lord, a little Platonick Love any Lady might allow a King without injury to her Honour. All other Love (assum'd Mack-beth) is your due, my Queen; but that is what I'm confident you will not deny me, nor Inetta refuse so harmless an Amusement.*

I do not love to play with a Flame (said Inetta) which tho' perhaps in it self innocent, will not be look'd on so by beholders. The King's Platonick Addresses I shall not presume to Censure; yet I must have that Regard to my own Reputation as to retire from the Court, unless I can be assur'd of being free from them. The Honour I have of being related to the King, ought to inspire me with a Caution of doing nothing Derogatory to my high Blood. And if I admit the Love of a King, it shall be of one, that can make me a Queen.

The Queen applauded her Resolution, but was shock with the Conclusion of her Discourse, least the Fire she had rais'd shou'd turn to her Ruin, for what might not a Man do so desperately in Love, to enjoy the Person he lov'd on any Terms; she therefore resolv'd to get a speedy Enjoyment for the King, tho' she acted a Part in the Play, which did not at all become her. She advis'd the King to have a few Days Patience, and she wou'd find a way of satisfying his Desires in spite of the froward Virgins Aversion.

In the mean Time the King was extremely pensive and melancholy, nothing cou'd please him or give him any Mirth. *Bancho*, and he were together in the Palace Garden; and after some time *Bancho* press'd him hard to know the Cause of his Melancholy; the King wou'd by no means be brought to declare it; till by his Importunity wore out, he ask'd him, what he wou'd do to remove it, when he knew the Cause. *Bancho* little suspecting what was to come, assur'd him, that if his very Life wou'd restore him to his usual Temper he shou'd command it. Well then, my Friend *Bancho*, (said the King) you must know, that it is in your Power alone to give me that Relief, which you now seem so zealous to bestow upon me; nor is it so dear as to cost you your Life, it may be so done

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at a much cheaper Rate; tho' I fear so dear to that you will scarce be so good as your Word. Bancho still not reflecting on the true Cause, was prodigal in his Assurances, nor wou'd desist till Mack-Beth had declar'd the whole Matter to him.

I have a strange Confidence in your Friendship and Love (reply'd the King,) *nothing else cou'd wrest the secret from me. Know therefore, that I am in Love, and in Love with your Sister, and must perish if I do not enjoy her. Bancho was quite astonish'd at this Discovery, and for some Moments utter'd not a Word. At last. — I must confess* (said he) *I little thought the thunder wou'd fall there. I cou'd willingly Sacrifice my Life to your Repose, but not my Honour; you wou'd not have me prostitute a Virgin of my own Blood to your Lust, you have not so mean an Opinion of my Virtue. Bancho* (said the King) *I know thy Virtue in the Pursuit of Woman-kind. What Tyes of Religion or Honour didst thou ever observe in those Affairs? Your Language us'd to be that Woman dissolv'd all other Considerations, yet now you prefer that Trifle to the Life of your King and your Friend.*

I grant (reply'd Bancho) *that I have been a Latitudinarian in Love, but now it touches my self, I find my Error; yet I was never so unreasonable, as to desire the Brother to Pimp for me to his Sister; nay, I always took Care to conceal my Intentions from all, whose interest it was to prevent my Pleasure, and I know no Friendship, or Duty that compels me to so vile an Office.*

Now had my Case been what I pretended (said the King) *I find I shou'd have found no Complaisance to any Folly in you. But to tell you the Truth, that which chiefly troubles me is, that I have no Children to whom I may convey this Dignity I have gain'd; and that the People are always uneasy about a Successour in a barren Reign. How, therefore, to prevent*

prevent this has put me along Time; and I cannot yet tell what Course to take in the Matter. I have had Thoughts of putting some other into my Bed to supply my Place, perhaps Change might accomplish what my constant Toil cannot effect. But then, whom to Choose as much confounds me; it must be a Friend, or he is not to be trusted in an Affair of that Importance. And such a Friend I have not unless you would comply with my desire; for with you it might prove effectual and secret, with another perhaps neither.

Bancho was as much surpriz'd at this Proposal as the former, nor cou'd tell what to say to the King, who spoke in so serious an Air to him. My Lord (said he) you seem to amuse me with Paradoxes; and the best way I can interpret them is, that you have a Mind to divert your self at my Expence; but no Matter if this remove but your Melancholy. The King cou'd not persuade him that he was in earnest, and so putting it off with some other Discourse they parted.

Bancho was alarm'd about his Sister, and tho' Mack-beth had put it off with so lame an excuse, yet he was affraid, that there was something in it. He therefore examines her nicely, and finds, that the King had told her his Passion, but turn'd it off to the Queen, as a Platonick Address. 'Tis therefore, resolv'd betwixt them, that she shou'd retire from Court by the first Opportunity, and that without any Notice till the Day of her going.

This Discourse was not so Secret, but it was overheard and carry'd to the Queen, who had perpetual Spies about them both. She told it the King, who in return told her all, that had pass'd betwixt him and Bancho. Tho' I can't approve of your Proposal to Bancho of a thing of that Nature (said the Queen) who looks on himself as your Heir, and has already given out Prophecies of it; yet if you can

pursue the Hint, and work him up to the undertaking; I will secure him from ever giving you any trouble; but Care must be taken of Young Fleans likewise, for my Mind cannot be at rest till the whole Family is remov'd; for till then you are not secure on the Throne. The Night, that is effected, I'll take Care you shall be admitted to the Bed of Inetta, where you may compleat the Ruin of that odious Family, that will be a perpetual source of our Fears.

Mack-beth pursues the Queen's Advice, being really alarm'd with an Apprehension of Bancho, both in his Love and his Power. He consider'd, that he wou'd be a perpetual Curb to him, if he shou'd think fit to indulge his Passions, and go a little out of the way in their Gratification. That he was popular, both among the Nobility and People, and a Man of a daring Spirit, that might easily be wrought on to pursue the same track with him, as they both had done with Duncan. He found it therefore no ill Policy to begin first and secure himself by destroying him. But he had a further Rage against him, for designing to rob him of his Mistress, by sending away his Sister without any Warning.

*He therefore sent for Bancho into his Closet, and began the same Discourse he had so lately amused him with, giving him this Assurance, that he had consulted the Queen, and that she wou'd approve of no other Person, conjur'd him by Friendship, and all other Motives to the Performance of so impious a deed, and so injurious to his own Pretences of succeeding to the Throne. However, Mack-beth manag'd the Matter with that Address, that he cou'd not avoid complying but by telling him it was directly against his Intrest, that the Queen shou'd have a Child, and that he might reasonably imagine might raise a jealousy in Mack-beth, since there are few Princes but are easily wrought
into*

into a Suspicion of their Successours. *Bancho* therefore yields to the earnest Entreaties of the King; who promises to carry him to the Bed-Chamber himself and see him in Bed. The Bed is appointed, *Bachno* and his Sister are invited to Supper that Evening; the Queen puts on a more, than ordinary Gaity, and the King lays aside that Morose Countenance, which had so long Usurpt upon him. Musick, Mirth, and Pleasure wasted the Evening, till the Ladies withdrew, and waited on the Queen to Bed; where leaving her, *Inetta* was conducted to her Appartment to be Bedfellow to one of the Maids of Honour, who was already prepar'd for the mischief by both King and Queen.

This Appartment was the most remote from the Royal Bed - Chamber, on purpose to be out of the Noise, that wou'd soon be in the Palace. *Mack-beth* dismissing the Company, conducted *Bancho* to his Lodging, and leaves him there to undress, then comes alone, and Conducts him in his Gown to the Queen's Bed-side where he leaves him, and goes to Bed in a Room not far distant. The Queen lies, as asleep, and admits him into the Bed; but when now he turn'd himself to her with Kisses and Caresses to perform the Duty he came about, with a Dagger she had prepar'd, she stab'd him to the Heart, and cry'd out in so violent a Manner, that the Ladies and Guard enter'd the Chamber, and found *Bancho* in the Royal-Bed all welt'ring in his own Gore.

The Queen all in a fright just got from her Bed in her Night Gown lets the Company know, that returning from the King's Bed to her own, she was no sooner compos'd to rest, but she felt a Man come to Bed to her, and speaking to him as her Husband, he answer'd nothing, but proceed-
ed

ed to Rudness; which she resisting, and offering to cry out, he stopt her Mouth, and assur'd her he was a Lover, that cou'd no longer live without this Happiness, which he was resolv'd to take by Force, if I immediately wou'd not yield; and that he had his Friends ready to secure his Escape; at which, said she, *I caught this Dagger, which always lies by me in the Night time, and stuck him to the Heart, as the only way to secure my self from a Rape so dishonourable to the Royal Name.*

Mack-beth by this Time, and all the Court were come into the Chamber; he pretends the last surprise, and cou'd not satisfy himself but that all were mistaken, since his Friendship for *Bancho* cou'd never let such a Thought enter his Bosom. Nay he shed some Tears at his Loss, and order'd his Body to be carry'd into his Appartment till the next Morning, when the Cause shou'd be heard by the whole Council. So he dismiss'd them all, and he and the Queen retir'd to their Lodgings from whence he came.

Now all was silent, and *Mack-beth* takes a Candle and goes to the Lodgings where *Inetta* and the Maid of Honour were in Bed. She told him she had so far prepar'd her, as to give her a Dose, which wou'd not easily be remov'd by all his Efforts, at least before he had found the Reward of his Labour. Then she retir'd to a Pallet-Bed in the next Room, and *Mack-beth* throwing off his Gown enter'd that of the Unfortunate *Inetta*. He found her fast asleep, and throwing off the Cloaths soon Attempts his Satisfaction. He had now been sometimes as happy as no Resistance cou'd make him, but unsatisfy'd still with so imperfect a Bliss, he long'd for a compleat Enjoyment of what she shou'd be as sensible of as he. So repeating his Pleasure, he at last begun to

to stir, and rouse from her deep, and double Sleep, and by his Eager Embraces Wak'd in the midst of Fruition; she leapt from his Arms and cry'd out with all her Force, but in vain; he pursues her, brings her back to the Bed, tells her she now struggles in vain for what is past Redemption, since the Jewel she valu'd was already in his Possession; that she now wou'd be only an Enemy to her self to lose that Pleasure she might enjoy without her own Consent. All he said was to no purpose, she avow'd her Innocence, vow'd Revenge and absolutely deny'd all Compliance. But the Place and her Condition, compell'd her to suffer fresh Violences from him, till satiated with Pleasure, and check'd perhaps with some Remorse, and threatening her on any discovery of what was past, so left her, and return'd to the Queen, who was now up looking over some Papers, and preparing Matters to improve this Plot of *Bancho*, and with whom so ever she thought might be a Curb on her Exorbitant Desires of Arbitrary Power.

The Morning came on, the Council is summon'd, and the whole Matter laid down before them, with all the heightening Aggravation, that Malice cou'd invent. The Fact was so plain, that the Council was confounded, and cou'd not help condemning the dead *Bancho* to Infamy. But out of a false Mercy, the Queen, and the King forgave any Indignity to his Body, which was then honourably interr'd.

The Noble *Thane* of *Argyle*, was a Relation of the Mother of *Inetta*, and a Man of that perfect Honour, that she resolv'd to tell him the story, and conjectures, that her Brother fell by Treachery. The *Thane* infinitely surpriz'd and enrag'd at the Indignity, was resolv'd on Revenge, and drew into his Party all the honest Patriots among whom

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whom, my Lord of *Glamis*, you were one. But the Court Spies soon gave Information of all your Consults, which gave no small alarm to the King and the Queen; to whose Debates I only was admitted. The Queen told him, that there was no security for him as long as he left one Man of Power in *Scotland*; since they, as often as they pleas'd cou'd advance, and dethrone whom they pleas'd. That it was plain from this present Conspiracy, that they wou'd never be quiet on ev'ry Pretence of Discontent. That he now had an Opportunity of riding his Hands of so many at once, which easily might be accus'd of Confederacy with *Bancho* in his destin'd escape, and such Proofs of their present Consultations, as might colour the Execution. I did what I cou'd to mollify her Majesty, but to no purpose, and indeed I did believe that *Mack-beth* was not safe if you were not apprehended.

The Orders were immediately issu'd out, and several taken up, none but your self, and *Argyle* escaping to your Country Seats. The rest you know were executed after a formal Tryal. But *Fleans* got away the Morning he heard of his Father's Murther. Then the Young *Lorn*, was not far from home at an Aunts, and so was immediately seiz'd and committed to my Custody, and a Messenger dispatch'd to his Father, that unless he return'd to Court, on the King's Parole for his safety in answering to his Accusation, his Son shou'd be a Sacrifice to his Absence. The pious Father to save his Son return'd in a few Days, but was immediately clapt up into Prison. I was deputed to examine him in Prison, and to get what I cou'd out of him, in order to his Procefs.

There

There had been an old Friendship betwixt us. I told him, that I was sorry to be an Agent in so detestable a Matter, but wou'd do him all the Service I was able. That he must certainly expect to fall in publick or private. That all I cou'd do was to persuade the King to the latter, that then I might have the means of securing him a flight, on this Condition, that in return he should confine himself to my Castle in *Ila*, till better Days offer'd; least shou'd he appear any where else I might suffer in his Room. And so his Son wou'd want my Protection, by which I had hopes of preserving him in my Custody. I return'd to the King, told him, I cou'd discover little from his Words but his Belief, that he had ravish'd *Inetta* (who was since retir'd to a Monastery attesting that Truth) and Murder'd *Bancho*. But I advis'd him if he thought of putting him to Death, he had best to consider of the best and safest way. He seem'd to me too popular a Man to be executed publickly, ev'n if he were evidently convicted, since he would certainly declare all he knew of *Inetta*, and his suspicions of *Bancho's* foul Play. But that he had better order him to be privately kill'd, and give it out that he had murder'd himself; that the Care of the Execution shou'd be mine, if he pleas'd and cou'd confide in me.

He was pleas'd with the Advice, and consulting the Queen, found my Reasons of Force enough with her to bring her to my Opinion; and both agreed, that I was the fittest Man to take care of the Business; without doubt believing, when I had thus shar'd their Guilt, I shou'd be the more firm to their Designs.

I had a Servant I cou'd confide in, and disguising the *Thane*, I committed him to his Charge, to convey to *Ila*, while taking a Malefactor in the Prison,

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Prison, I order'd his Throat to be Cut, and his Face extreamly mangl'd. He was much of the size of the *Thane*, and so easily deceiv'd the King when he came to see him in that Condition. He order'd him private Burial, and gave it out, that in despair he had Cut his own Throat. But, my dearest *Lorn*, thy Father is yet alive, and if you can dispatch a Ship to *Ila*, I will give you such a Token as shall bring him safe to you.

I pardon all thy Roguery (interrupted the *Thane* of *Glamis*) *for this one only good deed in preserving the most noble and bravest Man in Scotland. Why wou'd you conceal this Happiness so long* (pursu'd *Lorn*) *from me, whom it so much concern'd. How wou'd my Love for Eugenia have exceeded all Measure had I known, that I had ow'd my Father's Life to you, as well as my own.*

I must tell you, my dear Youth, I did not think fit to tell any one of it; my Wife never knew it to her Death, nor was my Daughter admitted to a Secret on which my Life and safety depended. But to proceed in my Story——This Action so engag'd the Tyrant (for so he was now become) that he declar'd me *Thane* of *Angus*, a Title till then seldom seen out of the Royal Blood. I easily afterwards perswaded him to give the Young *Lorn* to me, that being bred up under my Direction, I might secure him a Friend of a Man of such Power. That however, I cou'd have a watchful Eye over him, that he made not his Escape. I prevail'd as far as I cou'd hope from his Jealousie, which was that he shou'd remain my Prisoner confin'd to my House, and that if ever he was seen without the Bounds of that; I shou'd forfeit his Favour, and *Lorn* his Life.

This

This oblig'd me to a strict observance of your Confinement; but whether I us'd you well, allowing for that, or omitted any thing to render your Captivity easie, I appeal to your self. *Lorn* having assur'd the Company of his usage, the *Thane of Angus* pursu'd his Discourse in this manner.

On these Barbarous Murthers all the Nobility forsook the Court, and left it to a Band of Cut-Throats, and Sycophants, who were plyant to all their Princes desires, and who instead of softning his wild Temper, rather prompted him to more Mischiefe, because they reap'd the Benefit of his Villainies. This Retreat of the Nobility added Fewel to his Fire, and made him seek all occasions of putting his Wifes Advice in Execution, by destroying the Nobles on any Pretence, and Confiscating their Estates, which went to the maintaining that Band of Debauchees about him, whom he call'd his Guard. As they were the Instruments of his Lust, and Bloody Murthers, so he indulg'd them in all, they thought good to do. I shall only give one Instance of their Impunity.

There was a Gentleman of the *Highlands*, whose Name was *Macleane*, he had a very Beautiful Wife, with whom he liv'd in perfect Agreement and all happiness of a marry'd State. He was bless'd with several Children by her, tho' then they were all extreamly Young. There was in this Band of Rogues, on the King's Guard, a Fellow of mighty esteem with the King, and always employ'd in his secret Murders. He had by chance seen the Wife of *Macleane*, as he rid by the Castle, and conceiv'd such a desire of enjoying her, that he with a small Party of his Comrades, goes in the Night, surrounds the House, sets Fire to some Part of it and enters the other. The poor Lady was awake, and waked her Husband, and fearing it

it was some deadly engines of the King, to destroy him, because of some Power, he had in those Parts, lets him down the Privy to make his Escape, knowing her self and Children secure.

Maclean was no sooner thus dispos'd of, but they enter the Room, bear away the Wife, and Children, and leave the House on Fire. Having gotten her now some Miles from her House, they retreat to a Confederates Lodge in a Park; and there in spight of all the poor Ladies Prayers, Tears, and Struglings, Ravish'd her in the presence, and by the help of his Comrades, threatening unless she consented, that they wou'd Murder her Children before her. The poor Lady swoon'd away, and in that Agony of Life and Death the Villain obtain'd his Desires. Not satisfy'd with this, each assisted the other, till all had abused the unfortunate Gentlewoman; whom with her Children they left the next Day in the Neighbourhood, at a poor Cottage; to whom being known, she found all the Assistance the Place afforded. The poor Man went up to her Castle, found most of it burnt, and *Maclean* in Despair for his Wife and Children, who return'd to Life at the mention of her being at his Cottage. He Saddles his Horses, and fetches her home, learns all that had past, and the poor Lady, breaking her Heart for the unparallel'd Misfortune, dy'd in a Day or two.

Maclean comes to Court, makes his Complaint to the King, is kept in Suspence, till the matter is examin'd; and the Villain having own'd it, let him know, that *Maclean* was a Man of Power, and disaffected, and that what they did was in Revenge of some Saucy Words he had utter'd against the Honour of his Majesty. Thus, he was so far from Redress, that he was clapt up in Prison, and there secretly Murder'd.

This

This one Example is sufficient to shew you what Counsel he was govern'd by, and how little the best advice wou'd prevail on him. I was glad to keep my self secure, and in a Post, that might sometimes give me an Opportunity of doing good to some of my Countrymen. But the People, that see not the secret Hinges of publick Transactions, lay all on the Minister, when it is the pure effect of the Prince's Obstinacy, or wicked Inclinations.

This Course of Murder, and Oppression, instead of delivering *Mack-Beth* from his Fears, only increas'd them. For now he was affraid to live in any City; and therefore looks out for a spot of Ground to build a Castle on, that shou'd not be accessible to any of his Enemies. This was the Occasion of his building *Dunfinane*, on the Top of a Hill, difficult of Access, and as strongly fortify'd, as the Place wou'd admit.

But in the Building this Place of Security he took Care to play the Tyrant, and force e'ery *Thane* of the to contribute Kingdom to the Edifice; and in their turns oversee the Work.

Macduff, *Thane of Fife*, was a powerful Man, and therefore odious to the Court: On him therefore, for his pretended Negligence in his Contribution to, and Over-seeing this Work, the King began to show his Resentment. But he was taught by what had happen'd to others, betimes to make his Escape for *England*. Yet the Emissaries of the Tyrant were so dextrous, and quick, that he was forc'd to flye in a little Boat, and leave all his Affairs to the management of his Wife, who, being both a prudent Woman, and related to *Mack-Beth*, he thought secure from his Cruelty. But when her Husband's Flight was talk'd of, the King made haste with some Troops to his Estate to seize his Person, and plunder his De-

mesus. But finding, that the Bird was flown. He enters his Castle, and seizes his Wife and Children. The Lady *Maiduff* applies her self in so moving a manner for his Mercy, and pleads so earnestly and piously for her Husband, as would have mov'd any Creature less monst'rous to Compassion. But all she mov'd in him was yet more Cruelty, in a Lustful Resolve, of first satisfying his Appetite in her Arms, and then to Murder her and her family. He apply'd himself gently, and told her, that the only way for her to save her Husband, and Children, was to yield to his Embraces, and that without much Delay.

She urg'd, that he was admitted to the Castle as her King, her Relation, and her Friend; that she hop'd he wou'd not be guilty of so unroyal a Vice, as to abuse her Hospitality: That tho' she valu'd her Husband and Children much, yet she prefer'd her Honour, and Virtue to both. The Tyrant laughing at her naming Honour and Virtue, commanded her to be bound, and while he was satisfying his abominable Lust, order'd her Children to be murder'd, and next her self, in that excess of Cruelty, less cruel, than if he had suffer'd her to live after such a disgrace. He immediately proclaims him a Traitor, forbids him shelter, and all Correspondence with any Native of *Scotland*.

The Castle of *Dunfinane* was now finish'd, and fitted up for his Reception, and I and my Family commanded to accompany him to his Retreat. He had never before seen my Daughter, or the gentle young *Lorn*; who now was a more close Prisoner, than I cou'd wish, but still under my Direction and Guardianship. During his Abode at my House, there arose singular Love and Friendship betwixt *Eugenia* and him, not without my Approbation, never desiring to bestow her better, than on so illustrious a Youth; but here that Correspondence was forc'd to be conceal'd, lest the Tyrant shou'd fear something from

from their Union, to himself: And all their meetings were to be as private as possible.

The King, that set no Bounds to his Inclinations, took fire at my Daughters Beauty, and made several Attempts on her Vertue: Which she still resisting, not doubting my Consent, demands her of me for a Mistress. I had too terrible an example before me of *Inetta* and *Bancho* to give a flat denial; but told him, I wou'd myself exhort her to be sensible of the Honour, he design'd her; that I did not doubt a few Days wou'd gain her Compliance.

In the mean time I took care to provide for my Escape; but an Accident happen'd, that made it something sooner, than I had design'd. *Eugenia* was by stealth with Young *Lorn*, and there deploring their unhappy Fate, the King steals upon them, in the midst of their innocent Endearments. He approaches in a Fury, and says, that since he has found for whom he was slighted, he wou'd on the morrow take care to remove his guilty Rival, who liv'd only by his Favour; so flinging out of the Room, he left them together. *Eugenia* advis'd his immediate Flight, to avoid a Fate nothing else cou'd deliver him from; that she wou'd let him down by a Rope; and follow him her self without delay. The matter was agreed, and my Daughter inform'd me of all that had happen'd. I was resolv'd not to stay behind, so having assisted her in letting down her Lover, taking some Gold and Jewels with me, she, and he departed, and taking three Horses from my Stable made the best of our way to *Galloway*; Tho' we were so closely pursu'd, that we had just time to get into a little Vessel, with three Men at the *Mull of Galloway*, before the Blood-hounds were at our Heels; There happen'd to be no other Vessel in the Road, but one

little empty Boat, that waited to bring off some others: Who while the Officers pursu'd us, made their escape to some other place of Safety. But their endeavours were in vain, for hoisting our Sails, we flew before the Wind, for a brisk Gale then sprung up, which tho' contrary to my design of calling at *Ila*, and bringing off the *Thane of Argyle*, it soon brought us on the *English Coast*. When the Wind rising higher that Storm ensued, which threw us on the Shoar where your Charity found, and reliev'd us.

The *Thane of Angus* having done, the *Thane of Glamis* and *Lorn* both embrac'd him, and blest Heaven for his good Luck; which had preserv'd two such Heroes, as the Father and Son.

The Young *Lorn*, then left the Company and went to find out his dear *Eugenia*, impatient of any longer Absence from her, in whose sight all his Pleasure and Happiness were plac'd. He found her with *Bertha*, and yet in Tears. They flew into each others Arms, and express'd so tender a Passion, as touch'd the gentle *Bertha* with a desire to know something of their Fortune. Which the Young *Lorn* began in this manner to give her a Relation of.

Your Neighbourhood to *Scotland*, Madam, cannot but have let you know from some of that Number, which daily flee thence, of the Misery that Country has for some Years lain under, by the more, than Barbarous Cruelty of the most bloody of Tyrants. By his Cruelty many Thousands have slain, and the Nation is almost despoil'd of all her Nobility: Among whom my Father, the *Thane of Argyle*, claim'd a foremost Place both in his Quality, his Virtues, and Sufferings. For, the Tyrant finding him an Enemy to his Villainies, having secured me, drew him into his Power to save my threatn'd Life. But having now got him
he

he confined him to Prison, and gave the charge of his Murder to the *Thane* of *Angus*, his Favourite, and the Father of my beloved *Eugenia*; but he generously conveys him away, and puts a Malefactor in his Place, as murder'd by his Order. And as if this Obligation was not enough, he prevail'd with *Mack-Beth* to have the keeping of me as his Prisoner, under whose direction I might be educated a Friend to the King, and his Designs. But, Madam, I found the Noble *Thane* of *Angus* Honourable enough to deceive the Tyrant, and never to attempt the instilling any such base and servile Notions. On the contrary, from the time that I came under his Tutelage, which was in my Thirteenth Year, I found Masters provided to instruct me in all the Sciences, that were necessary to give me Qualifications fit for a Man of my Birth and Family; and to inspire such Notions as were absolutely inconsistent with the slavish Condition, to which the Bloody *Mack-Beth* had design'd me.

My Application to my Studies, in which I took a more than common, delight, took away all Sense of a Confinement, which was softn'd by all the Tenderness of a Father. At the Intervals of my Study the pretty *Eugenia*, then scarce Ten Years of Age, afforded me a very agreeable Amusement. We were both then too Young to have any Notion of Love, tho' in that very dawn of her Beauty she promis'd that glorious Day, which now enlightens my Heart. She wou'd Dance with me, Sing to me, and often entertain me with Discourses much above her Age, tho' agreeable to her Understanding.

In my Turn I us'd to give her an Account of the Histories I read; of the admirable Virtues of the *Romans* and *Greeks*. Of the degeneracy of the former under their Emperors. I told her of

the extravagant Villainies of *Caligula*, *Nero*, *Domitian*, and *Heliogabalus*. The Conduct and Prudence of *Augustus*, the Goodness of *Vespasian*, *Trajan*, and the *Antonines*. My Lord (said the Charming little Creature on this Occasion) I know not whether we may have had any *Trajans* or *Antonines*, but alas! I find we have now a *Nero*, *Caligula* and *Heliogabalus* in one. How often have I observ'd my Father's Complaints of the Cruelty, he cou'd not prevent, and heard him tell of the barbarous Distresses, to which the Poor unhappy People of this Country are brought by an inhumane Tyrant? How often has he wish'd, that he cou'd retire without ruining his Affairs, which for my sake he was willing to preserve? The only thing (concluded *Eugenia*) that I have to thank him for is his confining you to our House, by which I have a very agreeable Play fellow, and hear the Accounts of a better World, than that, we now live in.

In this manner we spent our Time in our particular Innocence. Some times the *Thane* himself wou'd Visit me, but our Conversation was of another sort; for he with a tender sort of Gravity us'd to examine into the Progress I made in my Studies; and to try what Study I was most inclin'd to, that he might not make my solitude uneasy to me by compelling my Application to what was not agreeable to me. One time when I was now about Fifteen Years old, and a pretty good Master of the *Greek* and *Roman* History; he brought me a little Manuscript of his own Writing; which consisted of the Lives and Actions of the Great Men of our Family, and the several brave Deeds, they had done in the Defence of their Country against Foreign and Domestick Enemies, from *Fergus* the first, to my Father. Nor did he omit a generous Character of him, and fairly relating his Zeal for the Publick, and the Injustice he had done

done him by *Mack-beth*, both in his Sufferings and Death. For he did not think fit to trust me at that Time with a Secret, on which his Life depended.

This had in my Breast the effect he desir'd, for it rais'd in me the utmost Aversion and Abhorrence of the Tyrant imaginable, and indeed against all Princes, that so far forget their Office as not think their Peoples Good the chief Cause of their Being. At the same time he wou'd excuse my Confinement, and let me understand, that it was the Will of the King, and that with some Difficulty obtain'd, my Death being what he was much more inclin'd to. He constantly took Care that I shou'd have all the Diversions my Circumstances allow'd; which his good Lady took Care to improve, as long as she liv'd, being indeed a perfect Mother to me, and always calling me her Son.

There was a little Summer-house, which look'd into a publick Walk, whither the People frequently took their Promenade in the Day-time; where I cou'd sit unseen, and hear, and see all, that past in the Town. The pleasure I had to over-hear this Discourse of the People, made me often resort to that Seat; where I have been a secret Witness of the Curses sent out against the Tyrant, and of the Accountts of his daily Rapes and Murders, which sufficiently fortify'd my Aversion to such a Monster in Nature. Being here one Day in the Dusk of the Evening, I saw a Young Girl genteel in her Habit, and Beautiful in her Face and Person, come and seat her self down on the Bench beneath my Wall. I heard her Sigh very often, before another Gentlewoman of a graver Aspect came to her — She no sooner came, but the Young Lady all in Tears, ask'd if her Lover were yet alive, and whether he wou'd

be at the Rendezouz that Evening, the Matron reply'd; that he had prepar'd all things for their Escape, and hop'd she was ready to go with him.

Alas! said the young Lady, I wou'd go any where with him; but the Villain, that has been the Cause of all our Misfortunes, has always Spies on me where'er I go, and I question not but there are some not far from this Place, and shou'd they catch us together, my Dear wou'd be sacrificed to his Rage, and I to his Lust.

I have, Madam, (said the Matron) heard an imperfect Account of your Affair, but never cou'd know the whole Case. It is an hour before I can venture to return by the most round about-ways to carry him your Answer, wherefore if you will do me the Favour to give me the Relation you will extreamly oblige me. After some previous Sighs the Young Lady thus began.

My Father was a Merchant of as Considerable Dealings as any in Scotland, and had so far improv'd his paternal Stock, as to be able to give me a Considerable Fortune, before Rogues and Villains had swallow'd up the Court and surrounded the King. Killibarren was of the foremost of the Noble Thane of Argyle's Retinue, that often frequented our House, and being very well receiv'd by my Father made his Addresses to me. My Mother at the same time had in her Eye an old *Advocate*, whose Practice had very much enrich'd him; and whose old Eyes had it seems fixt themselves on my Person, as an agreeable Match to his Inclinations. Killibarren was very Tall, well Shap'd, of a sprightly Conversation, and every way pleasing Company both to the Men and the Women. The old *Advocate* was decrepit, deform'd, extreamly Ugly in his Countenance, intolerable in his Honour, and avaricious to the last Degree. You may therefore easily imagine which

which way my Inclinations bent, and with what Reluctance I heard my Mother's proposal of the *Advocate* after my Father had allow'd of the Address of *Killibarren*.

My Father was an easy natur'd Man, and too much complaisant to the Will of my Mother, who immediately accus'd himself of Folly, in admitting a Servant, to hopes of being his Son-in-Law, when she had provided me a Husband, near as rich as the *Thane* himself. Afterwards he surrender'd me entirely to her dispose, *Killibarren* was forbid the House, and I charg'd under the penalty of his Curse, and no Fortune, never to see nor speak to him again. But alas! this Injunction came too late, I had already given up my Heart, and my self to him by Vows which I thought too sacred to be broken. However I thought it best to dissemble my Thoughts least a severe Restraint shou'd deprive me of the Opportunity of seeing him sometimes at a Friends, and assuring him of my Fidelity, and confirming his Love. I kept the old *Advocate* in suspense as long as I cou'd, till both he and my Mother grew so impatient, that she fixt the Wedding for two Days after. All I had to do was to apply my self to my Father, who lov'd me dearly, and to tell him that if he wish'd to hear of my Death before the fatal Day, he shou'd agree with my Mother on that point, but if he valu'd my Peace and Happiness, he shou'd find some way to delay, if not break it off.

Accordingly he goes to the *Advocate*, and tells him, that as my Father he ought to look into the Marriage Agreement, and see that all things were fair; that he had too much experience of the Lawyers to depend wholly on their Honesty; but that let the *Advocate* be as fair as he wou'd, it was his Duty as a Parent to make all safe and sure.

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He desir'd him therefore to let him have the Settlements to consult with one learned in the Law about them; and that it was necessary till then to put off the Wedding. The Old cunning *Advocate*, that had wheeld'd my Mother with Pretences and Assurances of Mountains of Gold if she left it to him, was at once both surpriz'd, and angry at this Difficulty, which my Father had started; and telling him all Matters were agreed with his Wife, and that he had nothing to do in the Matter, this brought on Words, and those a perfect Breach, till my Father came home in a Passion, and accus'd my Mother of throwing me away on an impotent old Miser, without the least security of any thing to my Advantage proportionable to the Sacrifice I made of my self. That tho' he had yielded to her Importunities of putting off *Killibarren*, a Man of Merit and Worth, yet he wou'd not truly see me thrown away and ruin'd, for meer empty Hopes.

What he said had too much Force not to touch my Mother a little, especially when he had bid her Consider how little Confidence cou'd he put in the bare promise of old Miser; she therefore undertook to manage him to her purpose and procure a Settlement worthy my Acceptance. The wretch'd Miser was sensible of his Age, and thought if he kept me not to a perpetual Dependance upon him, he shou'd have but few of my Regards; he therefore stood out, and haggl'd Day after Day, one Day conceding a little, the next retracting what he had allow'd. So that time was protracted till the *Advocate* fell Sick; and soon went to make up his Accounts in the other World.

This had been some dawn of Comfort had it restor'd my *Killibarren* to my Mother's good Graces,

ces. But she had found out another Match for me, as contemptible as the last, or indeed the more infamous of the two, and that was this cursed *Calender* that now pursues me. He was then known to have the King's Ear in Private; for he was his Pimp, and some assure me his secret Assassin, when any one was to be dispatch'd; nor is he free from the Imputation of having a Hand in the Murther of the good *Thane* of *Argyle*. Who about this time fled away for the Country on the Murther of *Bancho*, and the Rape of *Inetta* his Sister. With him my poor *Killibarren* was oblig'd to depart, but not without a thousand Protestations of Constancy and Vows of eternal Love. Ah Madam! you can't guess the Agony of my poor Heart at that time, for I did not expect to outlive this Separation. Nor was he behind me in Love or in Tenderneſs, but Necessity was to be obey'd, and the terrible shock must be gone through, and he must depart. In short, my Friend in whose House it was, had much ado to get me home, where immediately I took my Bed, and continu'd ill for some time, which freed me from the Persecution of *Calender* some Months. In which time the *Thane* was Charm'd back with the King's Promise for his security, to save his Innocent Son from the Paw of the Lion, resolving to give him Life rather twice, than take that away by his Absence, which he had given him before.

But as soon as he arriv'd, he was clap'd up in Prison, and never more appear'd, it being given out by the Court, that he had Cut his own Throat. But my *Killibarren* inform'd me, that he was murder'd in Prison by the King's Order, and by some of his Cut-Throats, of which *Calender* was one of the Chief. His Lord being taken off, search was made for his Retinue, and for *Killibarren* in Particular,

ticular, as his Master's Chief Favourite. But he conceal'd himself so well at my Friends in Women's Apparel, that he escap'd all their Search ; For Love wou'd not let him go further from his belov'd. My Mother press'd me Close in the behalf of *Calender*, and I utterly detested him, as nourish'd with humane Blood.

This Resistance of mine made my Mother keep a strict Eye over me, and observing, that I went very often to this Friends House, fancy'd there was some other motive of my Visits, than a meer Compliment of Friendship. She bribes some of the Servants, who let her know, that there was a Lady, or Man in disguise in the House, in whose Apartment I spent all my Time when I was there. My Mother informs *Calender* of what she had discover'd, and his Villainous Temper soon found out matter for Mischief in the Story. So under pretence of searching for obnoxious Persons, he came one Day when I was there, deploring my hard Fate with poor *Killibarren*. I was looking out through the Window as he came up to the House with his Attendance, and in a Pannick fear inform'd my Lover, that I fear'd we were betray'd. He immediately without much concern, went up another pair of Stairs, and there by an Engine, lifting up a trap Door, got down beneath it. This trap Door was a vast great Trough or Chest, fixt full of Meal (a Commodity, in which my Friend's Husband dealt) so that no Body cou'd suppose any lurking Place near it. I and the Mistress of the House, and a Female Neighbour sat still in his Room, to which *Calender* and his Men came directly up. And seeing none but Women, spar'd me, but wou'd search the other two, where decency forbids, to see which was the Man they had in Disguise. But enrag'd at the Disappointment, search'd the whole House,

House, but in vain, retiring full of Curses at the false Information, by this we found that we were betray'd, and that by some of the Family. It was therefore agreed, that he shou'd about Midnight remove to some other security, to which ev'n I was not to come but in disguise, and after some short interval. So that very Night he went to your Brother's House.

My Mother on this sends for the Servant, that had given the Information, who stood in the Story, and affirm'd that he was actually in the House, when they search'd for him, hid in such a Place which was to be open'd in such a manner. This caus'd a fresh search the next Morning, but to as little Purpose, the Bird being Flown. This aggravated my Mother against my Friend's Servant, and made her let them know all, she had told her, so the Servant was Cashier'd, and the People gave *Calender* a Bribe, and no more was said of the matter.

How seldom I have since seen him you know, and how earnestly I desire to see him, the Heavens above can Witness for me; but I am afraid of the Spies of my Mother and *Calender*, least my Uncautious Love shou'd be his Destruction. But let him appoint Time and Place when I shall meet him never to part more from him, and I'll be punctual to his Assignment.

She had no sooner said this, but seeing a Man come up to her, she advis'd the Matron to be gone the contrary way, as if she knew nothing of her. This Man I found was *Calender* himself, who coming up to her, as she rose to go away, took hold of her Hand, and press'd her to sit down again; she was unwilling to trust her self alone with him in the Dusk, when all the People had now left the Walks. But he pull'd her down, accus'd her of her Unkindness, and Disobedience
to

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to her Mother, and of holding a Correspondence with the King's Enemies, with Traytors and Rogues. *Those only are Traytors, (said she) who prompt the King to Injustice, and the ruin of Innocent Men; and assure your self if there were not a single Man left alive but your self, I cou'd never admit of your Love.*

Whether you approve of my Person or not, I am not at all concern'd to know (reply'd the Villain) after so Treasonable a Declaration as you have made; but I am resolv'd before you leave this Place, you shall try whether you do or not. With which words he attempted to put his Threats in Execution; while the poor Lady cry'd out, scratch'd and tore, but I fear all had been to no Purpose, had not a sudden Thought come into my Head, with one blow to deliver the Lady, and Revenge my Father's Death. The Wall that was over them was old, and several Stones loose, I took one out of a pretty good Size, and directing it with all my Force as he was stooping, gave him such a blow on the Back, that he fell to the Ground, the Lady run away, and I with another compleated the Business of his Death, however the loosening of those Stones, had thrown down so many, that it look'd, as if it had fall'n by Accident.

His Body was found the next Day, and Information given, that some one was seen in the *Thane* of *Angus's* Garden, who threw the Stones down on *Calender's* Head. I was immediately thrown into the King's Imagination, as Mischievous by Nature, and also to be an Enemy to all the King's Friends. Enquiry was made, the matter related to the *Tbane*, when my dear *Eugenia* was by, not then full thirteen Years of Age. She immediately apprehended the Danger, that threaten'd me; and of her own accord begg'd her Father's Pardon before the King's Officers, and said that it was
her

her Misfortune to be there the Evening before, and endeavouring to get a Stone out to raise her self up and look at some, that made a terrible Noise beneath it, the Wall tumbled down, but that she hop'd there had been no harm done, since she heard some Body run away.

The Innocent concern, which she discover'd in accusing her self sufficiently satisfy'd the Courtier, that it had been my *Eugenia's* Misfortune to have done that Mischief by Chance, which she never design'd. I came in soon after the Courtiers were gone. The *Thane* told me of the Accident, and the Danger that threatn'd me upon it, had it not been *Eugenia's* Fortune to have done the Fact. However he advis'd me to refrain that Place for a while, least it shou'd renew the suspicion. I was extreamly surpriz'd at this generous Service, and going to own what I had done, she perceiving it, took me by the Hand, and told me our dancing Master waited for us, so led me immediately away, accusing me of Rashness, in going to disprove what she had said, when I knew not but, there were more Witnesses of our Discourse, than were seen.

I cou'd not but clasp her in my Arms, and express my Gratitude for preserving my Life. I had time to say no more, for we were enter'd the Hall where our Dancing Master attended us. Where having perform'd our Exercise, we retir'd to my Appartment, to pass an Hour in Discourse as we daily us'd to do. Being come thither, I know you (said *Eugenia*) came in a Hurry last Night from the Place where the Mischief was done, you did but your Duty in punishing your Father's Assassinator; tho' we hear a Young Lady, a Merchant's Daughter being missing from her Parents, is accus'd of the Murder, but I hope she will escape the Pursuers.

Ah!

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Ah! sweet *Eugenia* (reply'd I) you have as sensibly touch'd me with this generous Service, as you have all along done with your Beauty and Wit. Yes, my Charmer, I find I am now grown a Man, because I feel some Sentiments so tender for you, that I do not know what Name to call them by if it be not Love. I am only pleas'd when you are by, and always uneasy when you are Absent; I take delight to hear you talk, and think it a kind of Heaven to touch you. Alas! I am content with my Captivity, and wish never to be free, if that Freedom must separate me from *Eugenia*.

Eugenia, young as she was, blush'd at my Discourse, and told me her Friendship for me was great, that I might call it Love if I pleas'd; that my Company was as pleasing to her, as hers cou'd be to me; that she took the last Satisfaction to think, that it was her good Fortune to Skreen me from any Mischief. But she knew nothing else, she desir'd but my Company with that Innocence and Freedom which we had enjoy'd from our Child-hood together.

In this manner a Year or two more past on, my Love encreasing, and she never denying the Augmentation of hers; till we Seal'd our Love with Vows of perpetual Constancy and Marriage, as soon as our Circumstances wou'd allow it. To make my Captivity the lighter, she wou'd sometimes dress me in her Maids Cloaths, and take me abroad as her Servant, to divert me with a view of the Court, the Ladies and the Gentlemen that resorted then to it; if we may call that Mob of Villains by such a Name, however distinguish'd by the Arbitrary Will of a Tyrant. *Eugenia* met with many Addresses, but her Quality, and Father were her Protection against the Assaults in so dissolute a Court. I will not, Madam,
detain

detain you with any of our Adventures of that Nature; nor with our appearing in the Country in the Habits of Peasants, and the wild or slavish Notions of the Vulgar under so oppressive a Head. Let it suffice, that all the Comfort and Pleasure of my Life was in and from *Eugenia*.

We were not so cautious of our Love, but that it was soon known to her Father and Mother, and to both their Satisfaction, tho' the Thane gave us a Charge to keep it a Secret ev'n to the Family, nothing being safe in Scotland. Her Mother after this falling Sick on her Death-Bed, called us to her one Evening, and ev'ry Body being remov'd, Told me, that she hop'd she had not behav'd her self so to me, as that I shou'd abuse her poor Daughter with a Deceitful Pretension of Love, if I had none; that wou'd be a Return unworthy of me, and of my Family always remarkable for Honour and Gratitude.

I was quite confounded at her Words, and made her this Reply; Your very suspicion of my Infidelity, has given me, all the Confusion imaginable with fear, that there has some folly escap'd me unknown, by which you shou'd judge me capable of such a Villany. No, no, Madam, I have learn'd better Maxims in your School, than to betray my Benefactress, to whom I doubly owe my Life, and from whom only I can hope any Happiness. No, Madam, on my Knees I take her from your Hands, and promise you on your dying Bed, that I will marry her as soon as the Thane shall think fit, and in the mean time both her Virtue and Mine are Warrants enow of Innocence.

Her Mother then gave her to my Hands, and with her Breath pour'd out Blessings upon us, and so expir'd to all our Re-gret, and unfeign'd Sorrow, which held us till one more neat and terrible approach'd us. The Tyrant, unsafe in his

own Mind, had built a high inaccessible Fort ; in which he thought he might be more secure against the Designs of all Men, whom he had by his Cruelties made his Enemies. Thither he remov'd his whole Court, and thither, therefore, must I go with my Guardian the *Thane*, who the Night before our removal, call'd her and me into his Chamber, and shutting the Door, gave us this caution, with all the earnest tenderness in Nature. *The King* (said he) *is amorous in his Temper, and you, Eugenia, are now grown a Woman, capable of raising those Desires, which he will be sure to Discharge at the Expence of your Honour and my Life. Keep therefore out of his Sight. Your Familiarity with this Youth, may likewise perhaps raise up some Jealousies, which may prove the Rock, on which we may all split. Manage, therefore, your selves with your best Caution till I can prepare things to make our escape ; if Heav'n afford us not a Deliverance before.*

Furnish'd with this Caution, with heavy Hearts we prepar'd to go *Dun/inane* ; where Confinement was the least of the Trouble I expected ; since my *Eugenia*, and I must be more strange ev'n in Appearance, that gave me Cause of Sorrow and Discontent enough. We had not been there long but we had a Visit from the King ; who having a desire to see me, I was sent for by the *Thane* to his Appartment. *Mack-Beth* Ey'd me all over, and ask'd me several Questions, which I answer'd with less Complaisance, than was agreeable to my Condition ; However the *Thane* brought it off, by attributing it to my Want of Conversation. I was no sooner gone, but *Eugenia*, ignorant of his being there, run into the Room. The King's Eyes were immediately fixt upon her, and all his Soul was in a Flame ; he demanded who she was, and understanding her to be the Daughter of the *Thane*, —

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he smil'd, and said, *My good Friend, you have too long kept this Jewel from the Court, where she was made by Nature to shine in the foremost Sphere of Glory.* With that he began to talk to her, and ask her many Questions, to which her Answers were composed of such a mixture of Modesty, and Wit, that she compleated the Conquest, that her Eyes had begun. The *Thane* was in all the Confusion in the World, and cou'd scarce dissemble his Thoughts, tho' he endeavour'd all he cou'd to exert the Courtier on this Occasion. *Eugenia* made him a Curtzy, and modestly withdrew, full of Indignation, at the Kings Praises; foreboding what must be the Event.

The *Thane* from this Moment set seriously about providing for our Escape, but the Secrecy he was bound to manage it with, was the Reason it went on the slower; and the King in the meant while daily press'd his Love to *Eugenia*; who at last unable to bear it, told him boldly and plainly, that cou'd he make her his Queen, she wou'd not admit of his Love, much less since he cou'd not make any thing of her but what was too Infamous for her to Name, and so fled from him, nor cou'd be brought by any Consideration to see him any more, till the King impatient of Repulse, comes to the *Thane* of *Angus*, in a Fury, and assures him, that unless he teach his Daughter how to receive this Honour he meant her better, he should lose his Head, since he had reason to suspect, that he had given her some documents that were not very complaisant to his Character; but since he had been the Instructor of her so much to his disadvantage, he allow'd him two Days to prepare her for his Bed; that if he fail'd he knew his Fate, and she shou'd nevertheless be the Victim of his Pleasure.

The *Thane* told him without any seeming Concern, that he was surpris'd at his Majesty's Anger at him, who was highly sensible of the Honour he did him in loving his Daughter; and that he had already made some Advances on his Behalf; that the Girl was a little skittish, but he did not at all doubt but she wou'd alter her Mind by the promises of Glory and Riches, which he begg'd leave of the King to promise in his Name. The King gave him Authority to promise Mountains of Gold, nay and his Crown if he thought that wou'd win her; and assured him that his Ambition cou'd not reach so high, as he wou'd exalt him if he made good his Word.

My *Eugenia* and I cou'd not have our meetings so close, but his Spies, had found them out, and given the King notice of them. As he came now from her Father, word was brought him that we were together, and that he might over hear our Discourse, and so Judge best what he had to determine. He was fir'd with Madness at a Rival, which he so much contemn'd, but fully resolv'd to remove this Obstacle of his Love that very Night.

While we were deploring our unhappy Fate, and cursing the Tyrant, and his odious Amour, he was plac'd so as to hear e'ery word, that we spoke; so immediately bursting in upon us he drew his Sword, and made immediately at me; *Eugenia* strove to get in betwixt us, while I flew like Lightning upon him, and wrested his Sword out of his Hand, and had that Moment rescu'd Scotland, had not his Followers been too near, who seizing me disarm'd me, and waited his Order to dispatch me that moment. *Eugenia*, quite desponding, yet raising her Spirit, desires the King to dismiss his Followers to a greater distance, and she had a few Words to say to him perhaps to his satisfaction. With

With those Words she cast so gracious a look on him, that he cou'd not resist her Commands, so ordering them to hold me at the farthest part of the Room, he retir'd to the other, to hear what *Eugenia* had to offer. *My Lord*, (said she) *I confess the only Obstacle to your Love has been this Young Lord, whom I have lov'd long; and do Love so much, that for the saving his Life, I may be brought to do that, which all the World, nor any Tortures shou'd e'er prevail on me to do otherwise. If you will give me your Royal Word to pardon Young Lorn, and set him at Liberty when I have comply'd with your Desire, this Night I will do what no other Consideration cou'd make me. But yet in pity to his Love, let him not think I buy his Life at so foul a Price, keep yet your show of Anger, and command my Father to a stricter Watch over him this Night, than ever; nay with your Threat of his Life if he be not forth coming in the Morning. Thus I do him a service and not injure my own Reputation, while no body is Conscious of the Crime but the Actors in it.*

The King was infinitely pleas'd with her Discourse, and concluded by all the Caution she us'd, that she was sincere in her Intentions. *But my dear*, (said he) *think it not a Crime, it is a good Subjects Duty to obey his King in all his Commands; a King is the Vicegerent of Heaven, not accountable to any but his Principal from whom he receiv'd his Power, that is God; and he or she who resists his Will commits an horrid Crime, but those, who are Obedient can be guilty of none.*

She seem'd to be convinc'd by his Reasons, but begg'd his Observance of all she had desir'd, which immediately he did, breaking from her in a loud Tone, *Madam*, (cry'd he) *you know his Ransom, or to morrow his Head shall march after his Fathers; she put her Handkerchief to her Eyes, and answer'd not a Word. The King sent for*

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the *Thane*, and rattl'd him severely, gave him, strict Charge of the keeping me that Night since I shou'd die to morrow for attempting his Life, and invading him in his Love; and that if I were not forth-coming his Head shou'd Answer it. The *Thane* express'd his Indignation against us both, and assur'd the King, that he wou'd take care to watch me to Night, and desir'd to be freed from the Charge for the Future, since I had made so ill use of the Favours he had done me. The King however order'd a Sentinel to stay in the Room all Night with me, and that none but the *Thane* himself shou'd be permitted to come to me; so locking me up, and leaving me alone, I had time to consider of my certain Fate, which the Malice of my Fortune had brought upon me.

The *Thane* had a Window that look'd down into a Precipice, tho' of no very great depth; but however so inaccessible, that no Guard was plac'd that way; and he had before this provided a Cord of the full length, and plac'd Horses ready at his Stables at a little distance to receive us. *Eugenia* told her Father all that had pass'd betwixt *Mack-Beth* and her, and that there was no longer time to consider, unless he wou'd forfeit his own, the Young *Thane* of *Lorn's* Life, and my Honour; but all he had to do was on the first approach of Night, to make his Escape with them to the nearest Sea-port, or Place of Security. The *Thane* taking her in his Arms wept over her a while; at last, said he, 'Tis certain, my dear *Eugenia*, we will make use of this precious moment of Time, that thy Wisdom has got us; but what will be the Event of it I can't tell; whatever my Crimes deserve, I beg Heaven to preserve thy Innocence, and that of thy Love.

Immediately

Immediately he came by a little Closet-Door, which join'd his Appartment to mine, and brought me a Dagger. and convey'd it to me, so that the Sentinel cou'd not see it, and told me softly that, that must work my Deliverance, all things else being ready for my Escape. He ask'd the Sentinel some Questions, and whether his Order extended to hinder my going into his Appartment. He reply'd in a surly Tone, that where-ever I went he wou'd go with him, and that he did not care to trust me out of that Room. The *Thane* told him he ought to go with me, and stay while I slept. So all going through the little Door, as the Sentinel came last, I took my opportunity and Stabb'd him to the Heart, so that he fell almost without a Groan.

We went to work immediately, and fastning a Chair to the Cord, I first let down the *Thane* with a Cabinet of Jewels, and then my dear *Eugenia* to her Father, with other things of Value; and putting my Gloves on, I being Young slid down the Cord my self. All being thus safely transacted, there was an easie descent the rest of the Hill, and in a little Time we came to his Stables, got on Horse-back, and flew, as fast as Fear and Desire cou'd carry us, towards *Galloway*, where the *Thane* had some Interest; and whither he directed his Course to call, and take my Father away in the same Ship.

We rested not Day nor Night, till we got to the *Mull*, and finding our selves pursu'd, we immediately, without resting, got on Board, hoisted our Sails, and so escap'd a terrible Fate, which none but my *Eugenia* cou'd preserve me from, having sav'd my Life twice by her Address, as her Father had first by his kindness for mine.

When we were on Board, and under Sail, the *Thane* of *Angus* told me with what Address *Eugenia* had manag'd the doring Tyrant to get that

Reprieve, that produc'd our delivery. For which we had not long rejoic'd when the Storm arose, which threw us on your Coast. And thus you have heard the Fate of two Lovers, whose passion rose in distress, and has hitherto met with nothing else, till our coming into this happy Country gave us security, and fresh hopes of once more returning to our own.

The *Thane* of *Lorn* had no sooner done, but News was brought that there was an Express come from Court, with Orders to *Eric* to raise a Thousand Men to join *Sibert* Duke of *Northumberland*, who with *Mack-duff*, and other *Scots* Nobility were marching to set *Malcolm* on the Throne, and put an End at length to an Usurpation under which that Nation had so long groan'd.

This News soon brought all the Illustrious Guests of *Eric* and *Bertha* into the Hall, where *Eric* was discoursing the Messenger, who had brought him the Order, and with him a *Scots* Gentleman, who was immediately known to be a Relation of *Mac-duff's*, and had fled with him into *England*.

The *Thane* of *Glamis* first saluted him, and then the rest of the Company, but the *Thane* of *Angus* coming up to do the same, he started back, as if stricken with Thunder, to see him in that Company, whom he still thought of the Cabinet of *Mack-Beth*. The Company in few words inform'd him of his Fortune, and what he had done for the suffering *Argyle*, and his Son. But what News (persisted *Glamis*) from the Court of *England*, has our Case at last mov'd the Pious *Edward* to send us Relief?

There are (said the Gentleman) on full march six thousand brave Men, and the Valiant Duke *Sibert*, Grandfather to *Malcolm*, King *Duncan's* Son, at the
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head of them; in this Train is Mac-duff, vowing
Revenge on the Tyrant for his Wife and his Children. To him Gentlemen, and his Industry you owe
the hopes you have of seeing your Country once more
free, and the gentle Malcolm on the Scots Throne.
Four Thousand more I have Orders to the several
Magistrates of the North to get ready to meet them;
with which Ten Thousand, and our Friends in Scot-
land, there is no doubt of punishing a Tyrant now odi-
ous to all Men.

The News was so surprizing and pleasing, that
the Company desir'd an Account of the Negotiati-
on, and how *Mac-duff* found Interest enough to
bring it about. According to their Desire, the
Company being seated, he thus began.

Mac-duff, Gentlemen, as soon as we got into
England in a little Boat, thought not of an idle
Retreat from the Tyrant, but how to deliver his
Country, by the Assistance of England. He remem-
ber'd the Son of the late King *Duncan*, was also
the Grandson by the Mother's side, to *Siberi* Duke
of *Northumberland*, a Man of the first Quality of
England, and the of greatest Consideration with Earl
Godwin. Understanding therefore, that *Malcolm*
was at Court, he directed his Journey directly to
the same. And having found him, let him know
his Fortune, and how unpopular *Mack-Beth* was,
how easy it was for him to put in his Claim to
the Crown of Scotland; and as he was the Son of
Royal *Duncan*, he advis'd him to show the Spirit
of a King, and endeavour to recover his paternal
Dignity. That Piety wou'd certainly not suffer
him to let the Murther of his Father pass unre-
veng'd; nor neglect the Miseries of that People
who look'd on themselves as committed by God
to his Charge: That he ought by no means to be
Deaf to the Petitions of his Friends; and that as
he cou'd not doubt of King *Edward's* Assistance, so
he

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he cou'd have less doubt of the Favour of God, against so impious a Man, that had tramp'd on all Rights both Human and Divine.

But *Malcolm* having often been tempted in this Manner to return to *Scotland*, by the Creatures of *Mack-Beth*, was more, than ordinarily Cautious on any such Motion, being sensible, that the Tyrant wanted to have him in his Power. He therefore to try the sincerity of *Mac-duff*, and to avoid being drawn into a snare before he committed a Concern of that Importance to be decided by Fortune, made this Reply to the Instance of *Mac-duff*.

" I am sensible (said he) that all you have
 " urg'd, as to the Tyrant, and the Reasons for
 " my Undertaking, is true: But I am affraid, that
 " you who are now so earnest with me to as-
 " sume the Regal Power, are not sufficiently ac-
 " quainted with my Disposition. Since I must
 " own to you, that those Vices, Lust and A-
 " varice, which have ruin'd so many Kings,
 " have but too large a Dominion in my Inclina-
 " tions. 'Tis true, that my private Condition,
 " and want of Power to exert them have hither-
 " to disguis'd them so far, that they appear not
 " to any; yet the Liberty of Empire and the
 " Authority of Power, will let them loose to the
 " Burthen and Oppression of many. Consider,
 " therefore, that you invite me not rather to my
 " Ruin, than a Throne.

When to this *Mac-duff* had reply'd, That Lust, and a rambling Inclination to Women, might be restrain'd and bounded by the Lawful Pleasures of Matrimony; and the Avarice, which proceeds from Apprehension of Want, wou'd be taken away, when that fear was remov'd by being on a Throne: *Malcolm* assum'd, that he had rather now make an ingenuous Confession of his Faults to him as his Friend, than to both their Damage be found

Guilty

Guilty of them hereafter. " For to deal plainly
 " with you, (contin'd he) I must tell you, that
 " there is no Truth nor Sincerity in me; I con-
 " fide in no Man living, but I change my Designs
 " and Counsels on ev'ry Rumour and Suspicion;
 " and from this Inconstancy of my own Disposi-
 " tion I form my Judgment of other Men.

Mac-duff unable to bear any more, cry'd out in
 a Passion ——— " Avant! thou Prodigy, and Dis-
 " grace of thy Royal Name and Family! wor-
 " thier to be banish'd into the most wild remote
 " Desert, than to be call'd to a Throne!

Immediately turning from him, he was, in haste,
 leaving his Apartment. But *Malcolm*, who by
 his Passion discover'd his Sincerity, taking him by
 the Hand; desir'd him to have Patience, letting
 him know the Necessity of his Dissimulation to
 his own Infamy, because he had been often thus
 tempted by the Wiles of *Mack-Beth*; and Prudence,
 therefore, demanded, that he shou'd be extreamly
 cautious of whom he trusted, but that he found
 nothing to fear or suspect in *Mac-duff*, since he was
 secur'd by the Nobility of his Family, the knowledge
 of his Manners, Reputation of his Honour, and
 the Considerableness of his Fortune.

Thus having enter'd into a most strict and firm
 Friendship, they resolv'd to make immediate Ap-
 plication to the King of *England*, by the Means of
 his Grand-father *Sibert*; and to Earl *Godwin* by
 another Interest. In the mean Time the News
 arriv'd of the Destruction of *Mac-duff's* Lady and
 Children. As the Account gave him the utmost
 Pain and Fury, so the abominableness of the Fact
 struck the Pious King with such an Abhorrence of
Mack-Beth, that he immediately granted out Suit,
 made *Sibert* General of the Expedition; and Men
 were rais'd with much Expedition in a Cause so
 just, as the Deliverance of a Neighbour Nation.

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The Forces are all on the March, and will be in this Neighbourhood by that time we can get ready those Men, which these Countries are to provide.

The whole Company were reviv'd with the welcom Account of their speedy deliverance from all their Distress; and every one banish'd all Thoughts of past Evils, with the Hopes of seeing a speedy end of all their Misfortunes.

Eric had been extreamly industrious, and got his Quota, according to the King's Order, ready Muster'd and Disciplin'd, by that time they had Couriers arriv'd of Duke *Sibert's* Arrival in those Parts. The Day therefore is come for the departure of the Guests, and every one made ready to appear with that Spirit the Cause requir'd. But just before their Departure, the Thane of *Argyle* came to them in a Vessel, that *Eric* had dispatch'd to *Ila* with the Thane of *Angus's* particular Orders for his Release. The Meeting was Joy on all sides, and every one that had been an Enemy to *Angus* was now his Friend. The Day of Departure being come, the Thane of *Angus* told the Company, that he never more wou'd return to *Scotland*; that he had been guilty of too many Crimes, in a slavish submission to the Tyrant, for a few good Deeds to remit; that, therefore, he resolv'd to stay where he was and spend the Rest of his Days in Penitence, with that good Hermit, who help'd to save his Life on his Ship-wrack.

All the Company endeavour'd to dissuade him from his Resolution, but all in vain, his Daughter, the Young Thane of *Lorn*, and the Generous *Argyle*, all press'd him by Friendship, Piety, and every Motive they cou'd think of or urge, but none cou'd prevail, he said, he had not long to live, that it was time to think of himself, and his own Soul;

Soul; and since all his Care of his Daughter, and Young *Lorn* being now devolv'd on *Argyle*, the World had no further need of him; that, therefore, he wou'd make his Retreat to Heaven, and pray for their good Success.

All Persuasions being in vain, and the Necessity of the Time calling on them, they were forc'd to separate, the whole Company having attended the Thane of *Angus* to the Hermit's Cell, and there taken their Leave of him. I will not pretend to describe the Pain of the Daughter and her Lover on so terrible a Parting; but let it suffice, that it was equal to the Love and Virtue of those who were to Part.

The *English* Army was now enter'd the *Scots* Dominions, when the Country came in on all sides, not only with Provision and Necessaries, but with Men and Armour, on purpose to assist in the Relief of their Country. Among the last came *Killibarren*; and hearing his old Master the Thane of *Argyle* was alive, he address'd himself to him with all the Joy of a faithful Servant, and was receiv'd by him with all the Satisfaction of a generous Master. The Young Thane of *Lorn* being by at this Interview, had the Curiosity to enquire about the Lady, whom he had deliver'd from *Calender*. *Killibarren* inform'd him, that the Lady was now his Wife, that flying away on the Stones falling on him, and hearing him groan like a dying Man, she made directly to him, and that both in disguise retir'd into the farthest part of *Argyle*, where he had some Friends and some small Estate. He return'd his Thanks to Young *Lorn*, for delivering his Mistress; and having receiv'd his Post from his Lord, he retir'd.

As the Army march'd on, it daily encreas'd; which struck such a Terror into *Mack-Beth*, that tho' he had drawn his Forces together, with a Resolution

Resolution to give the *English* Battle, yet finding e-
v'ry Day such Desertions, and how ill his Orders
were obey'd, he fled to the Castle of *Dunsmine*,
hoping there to make a stand against so dangerous
a Torrent. But his Men here likewise left him,
and none but his own Cut-Throats stood by him,
compell'd by their common Guilt, to run his Fate
for fear of one more Ignominious, if they fell
not in Fight.

But the Fortifications of *Dunsmine* were not
strong enough to keep out his Fears. For when
from the Hill he had observ'd the *English* march-
ing from *Bernham-Wood*, with green Boughs all in
their Hats, as in Triumph for a bloodless Conquest;
he and his small Party quitted the Castle, hoping
from Flight another Day for his Fate; which
must there come on him, if he suffer'd himself
to be coop'd up within the Walls: on which a
Party took Possession of the Castle, and another
under the Command of *Mac-duff* pursu'd the Ty-
rant, till they brought him to a Necessity of
Fighting, or of being taken Prisoner. Despair
was to him Courage, wherefore he turns on his
Enemies, and Fights with that Fury, and almost
Madness, that had the rest his Troop perform'd like
him, they had made their way through all Op-
posers: But they found themselves weigh'd down
with Guilt, and a dastardly Spirit, so as to let
their Master be surrounded, where he defended
himself for a while against all; till *Mac-duff* co-
ming up, and knowing him, notwithstanding this
disguise, that he had put on for his secure Escape,
encounter'd him with equal Force, and soon brought
him to the Ground, with many Wounds, and fre-
quent Exprobrations for the Murder of his Wife
and Children.

Thus

Thus fell the Tyrant, who had rais'd himself by Virtues he had not, and fell by the Vices he cou'd not Master; after he had establish'd his doubtful Throne in Righteousness and Love, he forsook both, to destroy in Seven Years by his Folly, what he had built up in Ten by his Wisdom.

The Party, that seiz'd the Castle found the Queen dead, and examining into the manner of her Death, they were inform'd, that for some time before these Events, that were so fatal to their Cause, she had been frequently disturb'd in her Sleep, and walk'd about the Castle with her Eyes shut talking to her self, as concern'd for the Concealing the Murthers she had been guilty of; but that these Fits at last reach'd her awake, and threw her into such Despair, that a few Days before the Arrival of the Prosperous Forces of her Enemies in sight of the Castle, she being left alone, Hang'd her self, and was not found till she was quite Dead, e'ery body being got on the Castle Walls to view the *English* Army, full of Fear and Despair for themselves.

The Tyrant, and his Lady, being Dead, *Mack-duff*, and all the *Thanes* present with one Voice declar'd *Malcolm* King of *Scotland*. And he in return Revers'd all the Acts of *Mack-Beth* to the prejudice of the Nobility, and People.

The Coronation being now at *Scone*, the *Thane* of *Argyle* made this short Speech to the New King.

My Liege, The Example before your Eyes may give you Warning not to fall into the Errors of your Predecessour; for tho' the Royal Dignity have the Advantage of many Places, and much Wealth, and Power in its Dispose, that it may a great while, sometimes keep off the Indignation of the Nobility, and People; yet the Blow will at last come as effectually as if at first. Society is the Institution of Heaven,
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in the very Formation of Mankind, by making humane Life insupportable without it. The Good, therefore, of that Society must be the chief Aim of that Omnipotent Being, that was the Cause of it; The Prince therefore of any People shou'd reflect, that he is chose, and exalted to that high Post, not to indulge his Appetite, give a Loose to his Passions, and make every thing subservient to his Will, as if he were the Lord, not Ruler, of his People, and they his Slaves, not Subjects; that he is not only made to exalt a Favourite or two to vast Wealth, and excessive Power, and Sacrifice all things to his Avarice or Ambition. No, my Lord, a Prince has less Right to indulge, or give way to his Passions, than his Subjects, since by the Passions of the first, the Society, for whose Good he is made, is a sufferer, but those of a Subject reach no farther, than particulars. Yet when a Subject gives way to his Passions so as to injure his Neighbour, he is liable to suffer by Law for making a breach in the Rules of Society. If therefore a private Man has a legal Remedy against the ungovern'd Passions of his Neighbour for a private Wrong, shall not the Publick have as just a Remedy against a Prince for indulging his Passions to the Injury of the Publick? the Reason is so much the stronger for the later, than the former, as the Publick is preferable to the Private.

My Liege, The King of Heaven, that made us all, and betwixt whom and us, there is no proportion; for we are in his Hand, as nothing; yet has he set himself Laws and Rules in his Measures with Mankind. What Mad and prophane Flatterers are those then, who wou'd persuade Monarchs, that they are free from all Bounds but their Will, when God himself has confin'd himself to certain Laws in his Administration, which he has assur'd us he never will transgress? My Lord, Let the Public be your Council, have no private Favourite, for he will always have an Interest of his own to drive on, injurious to you, and injurious
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to your People ; but the Publick will give you faithful Advice, because it is their Interest, and they cannot benefit themselves by deceiving you ; but there scarce ever was or ever will be a Favourite, that will not turn a Princes Favour to his Prejudice, if not Ruin. In short, my Lord, know that your Office is constituted for the Good of the People, and not they for your Will and Pleasure. Live long, and Reign Happily and Justly.

The King thank'd him for his Advice, and promis'd to follow it as long as he liv'd ; and to begin his Reign with a Remarkable Affair, he created the *Thane of Argyle* Earl of *Argyle*, and so the other *Thanes* Earls, and Barons ; Titles, till then, never heard of in *Scotland*.

This Coronation was followed by the Marriage of the New Lord *Lorn* and *Eugenia*. The King was her Father at the Altar, and the Earl of *Argyle* gave his Son. The Ceremony being over the Priest, as inspir'd by some Divine Spirit thus blest the new Marry'd Pair.

Hail happy Pair ! *said he*, Born under the happy Influences of the Planets, or rather ordain'd by Providence for your Countries Good. From you two shall arise a Noble and Illustrious Race of Heroes ; that in later Days before *Scotland* is no more shall be the Guardians of the Publick Liberty ; some shall suffer in the Glorious Cause ; but still another Golden Bough sprouts out, that confirms his Fathers Glory and his own.

F I N I S.